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STARLIGHT,
OR
NOTES ON THE WORLD AND THE
WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS;
RELIGION
AND THE
RACE PROBLEM.

BY
CLAY DANDRIDGE,
of Ripplemead, Va.

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ST. LOUIS:
1903.

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PREFACE.

A little more than a century ago Patrick Henry, with his hand raised to his ear and his eyes turned toward the mighty forests and plains to the west of him, stood in a listening attitude on the Alleghany mountains in dear "Ole" Virginia. "What do you hear, sir?" inquired his companion. "I hear the tread of the mightiest nation the world has ever seen — out yonder," said Henry. He had a vision. It is now a reality. From the top of the same mountain I look across the wild Atlantic to Africa, the coming rival of America, and behold a mighty nation of free blacks. It is a vision. It *may* be a reality.

When people cease to have visions they begin to retrograde. To help whites and negroes alike to see my vision I present in this little pamphlet a few of the best thoughts of people who have had visions.

A short time ago the Louisiana Purchase Exposition existed on paper and in the minds of men only. Soon it will appear like a great book with thousands of beautiful illustrations, opened wide before the eyes of the world. It will be a grand reality.

Our religion will deepen and broaden with the coming ages. The grandest vision of all — one race of men on earth, with one religion, one nation, and one language — will become a reality in the hereafter. It may grow out of the ashes of Germany, Great Britain and America, it may be white, yellow or black, who can say?

On a peace basis it would no doubt be yellow, but on a war basis we can make it white. This is the time for the different branches of the white race to begin to fraternize in earnest.

Some time I hope to publish a paper, "The Sons of Lee and Grant," in which the *women* and the *young men* of the North, the South and the East and the West may discuss the "race problem" in all its phases.

The G. A. R.'s and the U. C. V.'s must "go 'way back and sit down." Bless their old souls, they fought like lions, but they did not dispose of the negro properly.

When the *women* of America render their decision the negroes will be sent to Africa.

C. D.

NOTES ON THE WORLD.

The following is a letter to my father written in response to inquiries on several subjects, Dec. 14, 1902: —

DEAR FATHER — Socrates the Pagan Greek died for a principle. You have fought and lived, and will die for a principle. Have no fears. Follow on in the steps of Lee. There is some innate something in man that shines brighter, that is clearer and better than Christianity. It was shown conspicuously to the world in the lives of Confucius, Socrates, Darwin, Washington and Lee. Christianity appeals to the feelings: the lives of the world's great men appeal to reason — cold, fearless, and clear cut.

After sixteen years of study and observation in both hemispheres, I have come to the conclusion that there is but one God — the Great Spirit of the Indian. He seems to be infinite; we are finite. How can the finite comprehend the infinite? That the world has been shackled from time immemorial by this religion or that religion is a mystery to me. I believe that, in the whole, one God only has predominated in the minds of men.

Christianity and the various other forms of religion, that have been foisted on the masses by a few shrewd men, have kept this old world of ours bathed in blood. Religion or "*humanity*" is now being used as a pretext upon which to start wars. The masses are kept — by religions chiefly — in a state of confusion continually. They know not what to do. What a pity it is that they are led to misunderstand one another! Why is this done? Why, to supply good jobs for a class of tradesmen whom we call priests, preachers, etc.

How many more centuries, I wonder, must roll by before all men can look at this beautiful world, with its mysterious forms of life, its towering mountains, its rolling seas, and agree that *one* great God controls all

things? When that time comes men will quit wasting time and means in the propagation and dissemination of this or that religion, and education proper will begin.

To be good and live right, as the great God has given to each of us the light — the reason — to see the right should be the chief aim of every man. But, the child's reason has been, and is being, dwarfed by the prejudices of teachers and parents. Let all the priests, teachers, and preachers come to one common level and confess their ignorance on matters relative to the future state of man — "Honesty is the best policy." For the sake of posterity we should be honest and express freely in words our honest convictions. As an humble teacher I bow reverently before the Almighty and confess my ignorance to him. Of course all orthodox churchmen will very readily see (?) my ignorance on the question of religion. They saw (?) Thomas Pain's ignorance.

To me Jesus Christ is the best of all the Jews and a great teacher — that and nothing more. Confucius, Plato, Newton, Galileo, Jefferson, Darwin and many others have been my teachers also, but I refuse to yield my right to *think* to any other creature. When I was a child, nestled in nature's lap on the bosom of the Alleghanies my thinking began, and the religions and prejudices of other men interfered but little with it. A child of nature I am, as *you* know. To young people I say: Think, think, think for yourselves! There is no tariff on brains, thank God. The poorest man can *think*.

Good living and prosperous times are the arch enemies of good thinking. The sterile spots of earth produce thinkers — Switzerland, Scotland, New England, Virginia, all mountainous regions. Talmage says: "Show me a great man and I will show you that he came down from the mountains."

Wars and hardships call out a nation's thinkers, and in other ways their effects are beneficial. Commercial wars like all other wars are disastrous to some and beneficial to others. If all of us could be in the trusts I would be in favor of trusts. Even though competition

at home might be destroyed we would still have, as a nation of trusts, sufficient competition with the rest of the world to keep the rust off of us.

When the white race of Europe, America, and Australasia have borne the "white man's burden" till they see the foolishness of it they will unite in one great world power and throw it off, *i. e.*, they will colonize alien races and give yellows, blacks and browns self-government.

Sooner or later this dreamt-of world power, whose head will not be president, king or kaiser, but a representative assembly and court of the best and wisest men on earth, wearing the crown of olive leaves and the title of Friend to Country, will be engaged in a struggle with the yellow race for the supremacy of the world, and perchance, negotiating treaties with the inhabitants of Mars. We underestimate, I fear, the great dormant forces in China, and as Wu says, we may awaken her all too soon. Napoleon said in reference to China: "Yonder lies a giant sleeping; let him sleep." Remember, the Chinese invented gunpowder, and they may invent some compound extract of radium that will blow the white race to heaven.

We must "do them" by the use of our inventions and might, for, on a peace basis and with equal rights, they would crowd us to the wall.

This is why we have a Chinese Exclusion Act. They were crowding our laboring men on the Pacific coast to the wall. I have witnessed the same thing in the Philippine Islands. The recent unjust claims and exactions made on China by the Christian (?) nations are enough to quicken the dead. "China, her head hoary with the snows of four thousand, five hundred years" will certainly bestir herself. Jesus Christ as my teacher has told me not to *force* his religion on any creature. Oh, that I could lift the shackles from the brains of my fellow-men! that I could show them the beauties of a God that surpasses the God of Israel a thousandfold!

Why talk on the question of religion? People must grow, through long centuries, I fear, up to the point

where a few now stand. Men are too prejudiced to read Pain's Age of Reason.

Yes, education is good. If to be ignorant means to be in a state of bliss, why not be a cow? Does the cow blush? Is it the blush on the man's face that shows his spiritual side? Yes, I suppose.

But, I am inclined to the views of Epictetus, the stoic of Rome. The spiritual side of man, the soul, if you please, is only a finer grade of muscle, blood, and bone.

Let the forces, the waves, set in motion by us be for the right and they will bear ships filled with precious treasures to the people of that dreamt-of world power.

The life of our Republic depends upon the proper solution of several grave questions.

The first, in magnitude, is the Race Problem. You, my dear father, fought — with Lee for a principle — to preserve your lawful rights and property, to preserve the white race in all its integrity, to keep the greatest good at the front to guide the ship. Socrates said: "I will not put the question, because it is against the law."

For trying to enforce the law Socrates drank the poison hemlock and died. The administration that attempts to enforce the law, as it relates to negroes, in this country of ours must drink the "poison hemlock"—popular condemnation—and die. It will find itself unable to enforce the law which a partisan political jumble of sentiment and nonsense erected for the benefit of the blacks and yet, not so much for the benefit of the blacks, as to cudgle certain white people in this country.

It has been said that where a people hold a great prejudice a great principle is at the core of it. So it is: the preservation of the white race is paramount to English common law and American constitutions. The Jews made a white God. I commend them for it. Is His Majesty, Uncle Sam, to be a white man or a mottled dwarf—a compound of white, Negro, Filipino, and Chinese?

Here is my remedy for the Race Problem: "And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy

herdmen; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? *Separate* thyself, I pray thee, from me: if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

Abraham ought to be a patron saint to all of us, for, so far as I know, he was the first to propose arbitration. We, blacks and whites, may be brothers, but the white man refuses to recognize his black brother.

Oh, there are one or two rare exceptions, but they are full of idiosyncrasies.

When we have colonized the negroes we should give them autonomy and independence as soon as possible; the Filipinos and Chinese should be dealt with in like manner.

Independence for negroes, independence for Filipinos; two birds with one stone.

This act will purify and elevate the white race, for by it justice will have been meted out to inferiors.

Then the alien races will have a better opinion of us, and will adopt some of our customs. In colonies they would be our wards for a time but, unlike the Indians, they will be self-supporting.

Any attempt to incorporate another race or races into our body, social and politic, will fail. We hold too much prejudice against them.

Since looking back at the Filipinos from this land of the free (?) and since my soldier-anger has cooled down I have changed from a desire to *crush* them to a desire to *free* them. If they *can't* govern themselves, at least, let them have the satisfaction of *trying* to do it. No race is good enough to govern another race. Australians and Canadians live peaceably under the British because they are of the same race.

The Monroe Doctrine should be more clearly defined and better understood by both Europe and the Americas. Some day we'll be called upon to fight and we won't know where we are "at." For lack of a big navy we may pay out billions.

What does the Democratic party need in 1904? The

sagacity of a Jefferson, the justice of a Marshall, the goodness of a Lee, and the bulldog tenacity of a Cleveland. And may the chief characteristics of the rank and file of our party be patience, peace and sanity, is the hope of your son,

CLAY.

P. S. Summary. — One God; the triumph of right, justice and truth; the federation of Anglo-Saxon and Saxons; colonization and police duty for alien races; co-operation on the socialist plan amongst the federated *white* people; no president, king, or emperor, but a council of good, wise men; the Bible to be used as an untrustworthy history of the Jews but to be studied on account of the wisdom it contains from such men as Solomon and Jesus Christ.

The taproot of our religion is gradually growing downward to a soil that will give it more life and beauty. May stagnation never come to our race.

C.

A short talk made on the Fourth of July, 1903: Fellow-citizens: To-day we are six score and seven years old. The flame of love for liberty is now burning in every true American heart. We delight to recall to memory the life-work of our great and good ancestors. Brave and unselfish were the men and women who fought for and founded this nation of liberty-lovers! Many of us are cognizant of the fact that questions equally as grave and momentous as those which moved our forefathers to perform great deeds in 1776 confront us at this very moment. Then, while our hearts are aglow with patriotic ardor on account of the deeds of our ancestors, let us resolve to meet the oncoming crisis with the common sense of a Franklin, the astute genius of a Jefferson, the honesty, candor, and unselfishness of a Washington.

Sober thought is the greatest need of the hour.

We have mingled with inferior beings so much that our *thoughts* as well as our *songs* savor of the "rag-time." We must cast out those destroying twin devils — Greed and Immorality. We must have more faith in one another, more forgiveness for one another — more trust and less distrust. Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and George

Washington of Virginia, the lives of whom we cannot interpret otherwise than as gifts to us from the Most High, ought to be chieftains amongst our exemplars. Except the strife that *must* come where the *bad* is being supplanted by the *good* no strife must be permitted to enter into our affairs. If it is not congenial for us to live in the same house with our brother Rastus, if we can no longer give him freedom and justice then it becomes our duty to build for him a new house and to work out for him a new salvation. If Europeans cannot conform to our peculiar institutions and to our standard of living the gates should be shut for a time, and "benevolent assimilation" should go on on the inside only, otherwise the government that our forefathers established and that we love may pass away into a state of "innocuous desuetude."

We do not care to be Europeanized, but we would Americanize Europe. As a result of immigration greater dangers threaten us from within than from without.

This day our President has flashed a message around the world within a few hours of time.

We are a people possessing marvelous powers.

God grant that these powers may be used for the betterment of mankind, and grant that this country may continue to produce such men as Ben. Franklin and Geo. Washington.

Here is Carnegie at Barrow-in-Furness, England: "In all matters of iron and steele the child has been borne upon the shoulders of the parent. If the Atlantic Ocean had been prairie land, there would have been little left in the world but the conquering old lady and her family, all under one roof, under one flag, a self-sustaining empire under free trade, with probably 200,000,000 of our English-speaking race, and a home market so big as to give control of neutral markets. No question of protection or preferential tariffs then to disturb us.

Besides all this, we should have been able to enforce peace among nations.

Gentlemen, unfortunately an ocean exists where we should have preferred prairies, but it is traversed in

about the same time as the 3,000 miles of land between Montreal or New York on the Atlantic and San Francisco and Victoria on the Pacific. Who so bold as to predict that never is our race to succeed in converting the ocean, hitherto a barrier to your branches, into the pathway to reunion of the two once-united branches? Not I!

My faith is unshakable that some day this will be accomplished, and that instead of being two small islands here, alien to the European Continent, you will look across the sea to your own children in Canada and the United States and become once more the mother member of the dominant power of the world."

Mr. Carnegie's dream may be brought about quickly through co-operation on the part of Great Britain and the United States in the colonization of their negroes. Grant that it may.

The Chinese are scavengers — maggots, — and they may yet whip the world; not with shot and shell but with dirt and smell. * * *

Parents and teachers should instruct boys and girls when they are young in the "unwritten chapter" of physiology, give them a *few* good, clean papers, magazines and books to read, and help them in every way possible to develop a well-rounded, beautiful form of person. What on earth is more beautiful than a perfect man or woman?

When our present crop of rich men die a portion — 25 per cent of the wealth of all those worth a million — ought to go to Uncle Sam, and be used to drain the fifty thousand square miles of swamp land along the Mississippi River, to preserve forests, fish, and game to beautify our land as Greece was beautified in the Age of Pericles, and to help educate, refine and lift up the poor. Why should any one man have more than a million dollars?

Why, my countrymen, I believe our rich men — most of them — are mad. We should, by ballot, relieve them of the burden that is crushing out their souls. It would be a godsend to them. The government should gradually

acquire control of all public utilities and compel capital and labor to arbitrate.

Strikes and riots, overwork, underpay, and oppression are a disgrace to our civilization. Let us go to *little* New Zealand and learn a lesson.

We must alter, abolish, and make laws as our conditions change. Think of it! Our good forefathers wrote the Constitution of the United States and neglected to abolish slavery, or even to provide for the gradual discontinuance of slavery. If they could have seen the dreadful war that rent the land and the tenderest ties of a common people would they have left slavery alone? Would they have left the negro in this country? It would have been comparatively easy to settle then.

It will be easy to settle yet if all white people will hang together.

I stand in wonder before the beauty and majesty of things about me; others "weep and wail" in the "presence of the Almighty." For sixteen years I've *wandered* and *wondered* about the world, I've read about it, I've run 'round it, I've examined it closely. I'd like to go up in a balloon and look back at it. It's the most wonderful toy a boy ever played with.

Once it was large, oh, very large, now it is small — too small for the people it holds. We'd like to go to new worlds. How I'd like to go to such a country as Kentucky was when Daniel Boone was young. Houston, Crockett, and *Boone*; Webster, Clay and *Calhoun* — my sestette. The higher we climb on the Mountain of Knowledge the more pleasing the landscape becomes, the deeper our perceptions grow. The accomplished brain carries sweet music to the soul. It says, "peace, be still."

As the culture of Greece was overcome by the "Macedonian Phalanx" so was the culture of the "Old South" overcome by the Yankee Phalanx. The Constitution was disregarded, Virginia was robbed of one-third of her territory — clearly an unconstitutional act — and now the love for liberty in the hearts of the Filipinos must succumb to Yankee greed. And yet, in the face of all

this, Yankees will presume to dictate to the South relative to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. We can only laugh at them.

Father Ryan, like Demosthenes, has pronounced the funeral of the "Old South." Lee did not, like Isocrates, end his useful life, but lived and proved to us that the "pen is mightier than the sword." Reason, not might, is the highest court. Such an eminent man as Charles Francis Adams says: "The North won by might and not by right."

Lincoln and McKinley, both good men, were, like Philip of Macedon, assassinated because they stood for principles that were fundamentally wrong. Lincoln is one of my patron saints; McKinley got my first vote. Lincoln and McKinley were right; their party was wrong. Who will deny this?

Alexander's attempt to found a world empire with Hellenic forms of life failed. His soldiers perished in India from malaria and dysentery, as ours have in Cuba and the Philippines.

As Oriental habits spoiled and destroyed Alexander so will Oriental habits spoil and destroy us. Let's throw them to the winds.

The pen of Jefferson loosened the shackles on all Europe; it conquered where the sword of Napoleon failed. I beg for a return to the ideas and simplicity of Jefferson in this, his and our beloved land of the free.

We are aping royalty; we are fast drifting away from the ideas of the fathers. Perhaps nothing but a good threshing will bring us to our senses.

Every American father should hold his daughter's honor in as high esteem as did Virginius that of Virginia. Some men are too coarse to pass a woman on the streets in a respectful manner.

Better that fathers drive daggers through the hearts of their daughters than give them over to the company of lecherous devils who are disguised in sheep's clothing — "society men" we call them sometimes.

The mingling of three elements in England — the Jewish, the Roman-Greco, and the Teutonic, produced

the hardest and the brainiest men and women the world has ever seen — the Greeks not excepted. Shakespere, Newton, and Darwin outshine any half dozen Greeks you can mention.

Away with the Hamilton idea of centralization! It has almost destroyed our Republic. "We will be great only when we stand for liberty in the fullest sense of the word, and not because of our army and navy." It was Roman oppression that destroyed the liberties of Greece. What destroyed our liberties? I answer, immigration and the enforcement of the Hamilton idea upon us by the sword. If a man of family has a good "patch of ground" should he say to Europeans: Come and take it? — or should he give it to his children?

"Charity begins at home." America needs no longer to depend upon European maternity for a population. When we rid ourselves of alien races and begin to breed up we can grow our own population, on our own little patch — the United States.

The native-born American, if he is born poor, is to-day the most helpless citizen in our country. He can't compete with foreigners in the field of labor; he can't live like a foreigner.

Stop immigration! Put up the bars! Bolt the gates! In twenty years' time we can rid the country of alien races and "benevolently assimilate" the Europeans amongst us. The only hope for the one million Jews in the United States is amalgamation with Gentiles. If they refuse to mix with us they will eventually fare here as they are now faring in Russia.

If Gentiles acquire mentality through amalgamation with Jews they will also acquire that damnable greed which is a characteristic of the Jew.

For the sake of peace and homogeneity the Gentiles of the United States can afford to "absorb" the number of "God's own" now in the country, but for God's sake let Russia keep the five million that she now has. On a Sunday morning I looked over Petticoat Lane, London, and decided that when God chose the Jews he

showed very poor taste. Still I pity the desolate *poor* among them.

While the head of the British Empire — Great Britain — is kept right, all will go well with that great empire.

If govern other races in colonies we must, our head — the United States proper — must be kept right. Boodlers and boodling must go to Boodlejara.

Nature's monstrosities have no attraction for me; never have I paid a cent to see the two-headed calf. I'm a Greek. I will study the beautiful in nature; I would save the best plant, the best animal, the best race of men.

Are not the *rich* of America and the degenerate *noble* of Europe forming an aristocracy that will be more insolent and oppressive as time grows? Do you "bank on" the patriotism of the rich men of America? They will deliver you, "bag and baggage," into the hands of an oligarchy. American dominion is increasing. Is American virtue, American patriotism, increasing? Our usurers and tax-gatherers may keep some Mithridates — some Aguinaldo — in the field continually.

Crassus the richest man in Rome, chose Syria for its treasures but he was defeated, killed, and had his pallid mouth stuffed with gold. What will happen to our greedy Crassuses?

If I were a millionaire I'd rather give away all but one hundred thousand and live in peace, without fear of the assassin's bullet.

The Germans fought in the Roman ranks, in the English ranks, in the Yankee ranks.

Hirelings against freedom sometimes. Americans, don't do it.

It was the Romans who conquered the Jews, burnt their temple built by Solomon to Jehovah, and scattered them to the four quarters of the earth.

How many millionaires were there in the United States prior to the civil war?

The Yankees and their hirelings fell on the Old South like a lot of hungry wolves, and, on account of cheap labor, spoliation, and rascality, they have fattened as

people never fattened before. No desire to stir up strife. I simply record history.

There are no Yankees and no rebels now. We are all Americans, and are soon to be, I hope, white Americans.

The Indian said: "The white man was not good enough to kill us."

Were the Babylonians, the Romans, the Crusaders, the Spaniards, the English, the Russians, good enough to kill the Jews? I fear that Americans too, will kill them unless they get wise and intermarry with Gentiles.

They say: "All we ask is to be let alone." That was all that Jefferson Davis asked for the Old South, that was all the Boers asked in South Africa, but it did no good.

The farmers of America are between two millstones — labor and capital. A peaceful solution of the difficulties between the laborer and the capitalist is wanted. The farmers ought to study the question and by their votes bring about a peaceful and just solution.

The laborers want more of the fruits of their toil, more than 29 per cent of what they produce, and less slavery; the capitalists want more humanity, more security and less profit on their investments.

In order to get the right to fish and to hunt, to cut wood in the forests, to bring about the abolition of serfdom, of feudal service, of tithes, and to get the right to choose their preachers and have the free preaching of the gospel, the Germans killed and burnt.

We commend them for it. But it is not necessary, at all, for the laborers in *this* country to kill and burn to get their rights. They have the ballot in their hands.

The farmers will stand by them and help them out in all matters of justice.

I have implicit faith in the honesty of the average farmer. The city has not corrupted him.

Many laborers are not honest and they cannot win when they present dishonest claims. Another way for them to win is to educate and quit wasting their earnings.

Agitators brought on the civil war. The Abolitionists were the biggest set of fools this or any other country

ever saw. They were not only [fools, but knaves, hypocrites, and thieves. I speak of them as a body. Of course, there were some good people among them, but *very few*.

There is only one way, so far as I can see, in which the Philippines can be made a paying colony.

Let our rich men have full play and let them take over all the Chinamen they want for labor.

This means to crowd the Filipinos out of existence and to enslave the Chinamen. Better turn the Philippines loose, and get out of Oriental entanglements. Java and Sumatra are profitable colonies because the Dutch are hard, cruel masters. Why should we establish a protectorate over the Philippines? When we are done with them let Germany, England or any other country take them up if they like. Let others bear the "white man's burden" if they like, our Uncle Samuel wants none of it. Yes; more than two hundred thousand of us have come back from the Philippines to "drag out miserable lives" or "worse for the wear." That climate takes the vim, the snap of life out of a man.

Like produces like. Americans were tortured; Filipinos were tortured.

Personally, I never abused a Filipino and they were always friendly to me.

When I was sick the teacher and the priest of the village carried me good things to eat and would have no pay for it. When I left the islands they gave me "goodies" to eat while en route home, and their best wishes. One gentleman in Manila showed me a picture of his home at Pasig. It was wrapped in flames. He said: "The Americanos did it." He was intelligent, and had an intelligent family of three daughters and two sons. They had been reduced from plenty to a state of poverty by Yankee greed. I could sympathize with the man, and pointed out to him the fact that my own people in the Old South had been reduced in like manner. The Filipinos were never so cruelly treated as were the people of our Southern States. When my comrades fell at the ping of the bushwhacker's rifle my will was good to kill all

the Filipinos, and I openly advocated the policy which was later carried out by my dear old Gen. Jacob H. Smith. Gen. Smith was a fair-play man, and I don't believe he ever ordered his men to kill women and children.

War is not a Sunday-school business, and, if we *must* have it, we had just as well kill quick and lively and be over with it. I want no more "humane" wars in mine. They are the most inhuman of all wars. A few more generals like James Franklin Bell and Jacob H. Smith would have settled the fighting part of it in the Philippines in half the time, with a half less suffering, and less than half the cost. One word more in regard to our latest unpleasantness. Citizens of America, why do you condemn the soldiers who went out to see the Philippines? You know we wanted to travel. We wanted to make the circuit of the globe.

Rather blame the Peace Commissioners who formulated the Treaty of Paris, and the Senate that ratified it. It was our statesmen, or rather our lack of statesmen, that got us into trouble.

Call us "tramps, dead beats, and hobos" if you will. Some day you may "get up against the real thing" with a strong nation and you will be glad to have tramps, dead beats, and hobos to do your fighting. Hirelings never fight well. Great Britain honors her soldiers whether they fight in the right or in the wrong. And English soldiers are better for it.

Who will give us a great drama of the world's history? All history should be epitomized — the Bible included. Only the short bends and the sharp curves in history should be preserved. The child-mind is confused and retarded in its development by such a pile of rubbish.

If the "cosmic lessons of nature" are to be our basis of religion, Senator Beveridge, we must have every schoolhouse in the land supplied with microscopes and instructors in Biology and Geology. Pain's "Age of Reason" will be a good text-book for advanced pupils. Speed the day when we shall arrive at such a solid foundation upon which to rest our religious wars and babblings. One of the best preachers I ever knew said that he never

would have been a preacher if he had read church history first. We want to get rid of ignorance, bigotry and superstition just as soon as possible.

The Romans looked upon a suicide as a soldier who had deserted his post. Must a soldier stay on post forever without relief? Ill-health and crushed ambitions are the chief causes of suicide. If people of means will offer a kind word, a little encouragement to the struggling mass, they will prevent suicides.

There are three great elements in the world-geosphere, the solid masses, hydrosphere, the liquids, and atmosphere, the air. When examined with the microscope all three are found to be literally teeming with life, death and decay. This explains "out of death comes life," the great resurrection. So far as we can *think* the material part of man will always exist.

The fishes live near the surface of the sea of water; we live at the bottom of the sea of air; the birds live high in the air. Birds are angels of sweet song.

Why did the Jews put wings on angels and sweet songs in their mouths? Are the birds and the bees nearer perfection than we are? Who knows?

If our civilization continues at the present rate what will man be a thousand years hence? A delicate bunch of brain wrapped in flannels and silks and waited upon by chemicals, electricity, liquid air, radium and other natural forces. Wouldn't you like to see the world one thousand years from now?

There is a little something on the inside of every one of us which says, Don't do that, do this. If every one will be guided by it the world will go right all the time.

The chief object of the Company of Jesus was to hinder the enlightenment of the people and to oppose all innovations and reforms, but thank God, Adam Weisshaupt lived and founded the society of the *Illuminati*.

The Russian, Gen. Suwaroff, conquered Poland. As Kosciusko fell from his horse, he cried: "This is the end of Poland!" Thus perished the once famous and mighty Poland, a sacrifice to domestic discord and to foreign violence — the very things that the United States

has most to fear. My countrymen, we must hang together! What is the history of all Europe but a bulletin recounting the acts of bloody, cruel tyrants?

Why do so many of our rich men build libraries and universities? Chiefly as monuments unto themselves. They like to see their names inscribed on the buildings. One who still lives has placed a marble statue of himself in his place of business. He makes beer. In case a professor attempts to teach anything in our endowed universities that would be detrimental to capitalists what happens to him? He gets fired. If our rich men really want to do something philanthropic why don't they found places where boys and girls can learn how to make a living?

My model school is a great amphitheater, far back from our so-called civilization in the forest at the foot of a great mountain. It is full of paintings, statuary, and select books. A half dozen wise men like Ben Franklin constitute its faculty. It has a large stage and the best dramas may be seen there.

Learned men from all parts of the earth are invited to lecture there on all manner of questions. Microscopes, telescopes, and stereopticons are much used there; the "cosmic lessons of nature" are studied. The students spend much time in the forests of the mountain.

A model gymnasium and a machine shop stand nearby. Sweet music may be heard almost every day.

The study of English and the requirements of good citizenship are emphasized. Lessons in patriotism are regularly given.

Men from the fields and women from the homes and gardens attend the school evenings and Sundays. No man, no woman, no child will be overworked.

The Puritans of New England kept King Philip's head stuck up on a pole in Plymouth for twenty years. They sold Philip's wife and daughter into slavery. They were the most religious people this country has ever seen.

When men are interested in what they are doing, their work becomes a song. Hirelings are seldom interested in what they do. Work for yourself, man.

Men should think more about their work and less about beer and bad women. They might very properly use more of Shakespeare and less "Buschbeer."

Great cities, factories, and commerce, said Jefferson, "tend to corrupt the people." The gross immoralities of our cities are gradually being carried to the country districts, where dwell the life of the nation, and when any considerable number of the country folks imbibe the evils of cities the nation will go down.

Pat says: "More than two hundred thousand men have been spoiled by the Philippine racket."

They are diseased in both body and mind. They can't settle down to good old humdrum living and so they continue to roam and dissipate or they commit suicide.

American officials must be taught that they are the *servants* of the people and not the *masters* of the people.

Too many petty tyrants amongst us. We met with them in the army of the Philippines. We see them here every day.

Clinging to an antiquated religion, and the dissemination of her blood amongst inferior people, along with greed for gold, caused the downfall of Spain. These same things may cause the downfall of our own country.

Let us beware.

White women who must work for a living ought to be respected just as white men who must work for a living are respected. One is as good as the other. Both are better than the so-called "four hundred."

Jimmy says: "The best thing the Raypublican party has given the country is free schools, the worst thing is free Nagers."

But the "Nagers" are not free, Jimmy.

Mike says: "In case the Dimmecrats nominate a bad man, and the Raypublicans nominate Theodore Washington and Booker Roosevelt I will vote for George Washington for President and Abe Lincoln for Vice-President. I'd make McKinley Secretary of State, and Jos. W. Folk Attorney-General. When I'm offered *two* bad eggs I'll suck nather of them."

On September 22d, 1903, the Jews were 5,654 years old.

Jesus Christ, their best man, lived about 1900 years ago. Nearly all religions start in the East — Far East — where the people are ignorant and superstitious.

Mormonism and Zionism look to the ignorant classes for food and followers.

The most heinous crimes can't be reached by the law.

The Great Shepherd does not always protect the lambs of his flock. The command "Thou shalt not kill" ought to forbid other crimes besides murder.

Let the social pot in this great Republic of ours boil, and when the skim, the dregs, come to the top we must skim them off and throw them away. Purification of the body, social and politic.

Congress should take up the "Monroe Doctrine" and define it in such a way that we will know where we are "at" when some European nation attempts to grab something in South America.

As that doctrine now stands we are too apt to get into another "war for humanity's sake."

We had a war in the West Indies for humanity's sake and another in the Philippines for humanity's sake. What did we get? A lot of dregs in the social pot. What would the population of any Central or South American republic be to us? A lot more dregs in the social pot.

Divorces should be granted to married people when it has been proven that one or the other has become unfaithful. The Catholics and the people of old South Carolina are right on the divorce question. When it has been shown that two rotten eggs are living in wedlock make them continue to live together. A man should be as true to his wife as he would have his wife be true to him, and in case he is not the woman has a right to a divorce. Some of the worst old reprobates have virtuous women tied to them.

When a man's fidelity to church or to a secret organization exceeds his fidelity to his country there is something wrong. The man who will take from his country to build up his church or his secret society or his political party is mean or narrow-minded.

Secret societies are good only for those who belong to them. Who has not seen the more capable man turned away for the member of some secret society, or for some member of a church? Our Americanism ought to be above all churches, above all secret societies.

The man who joins a secret organization most generally seeks to get the advantage, the pull — rather than to benefit his fellow-man. If the churches had done their duty there would have been no need for secret societies; if this government does its duty there will be no need for secret societies in the future. Our Americanism will be above every otherism.

The followers of Mormonism, Zionism, Spiritualism, have as much right to their beliefs as have the members of any other church sect or secret society to their beliefs. All are misguided or they are misleading others.

For beautiful descriptions of sights and sounds in the grand divisions which I have visited — Asia, Australia, Africa, Europe, and North America — I must refer my readers to more imaginative minds and more facile pens.

To me all nature laughs, but the laugh is often marred by the fierce antagonisms of the animal kingdom. The end of wars is not in sight. Indeed the world is riper for war to-day than it has ever been before.

“He that would be *free* must himself strike the blow.”

THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS, MO., OR THE “IVORY CITY.”

What a pity that such magnificent buildings and such splendid educational facilities must pass away in a few short months! It is the grandest thing attempted in the shape of a Fair in the world! Come, see, and you will be convinced. Processes as well as products are to be shown. “Motion means money,” on the railway, said Yoakum. At the Fair motion will mean beauty, and the impartation of knowledge. Think of it! Twelve hundred and forty acres of ground wriggling with life, vegetable life, animal life, steam life, electrical life.

Here, in truth, boys and girls, will be a city worth thousands of miles of travel. It will represent the joyfulness of youth. The New Jerusalem, as described by the Jews, will not be "in it." The "Ivory City" will not have walls of jasper and streets of gold but walls of glittering natural phenomena, and streets made cool and delightful by living trees and flowers and gushing waters. There will be more than twenty-five miles of roadway inside the grounds, and the boulevards will be shaded by a great forest of various kinds of trees, among which will frisk the pretty gray squirrels and from which will be heard the songs of native birds. Verily it will excel the New Jerusalem! Nobody but the birds will wear wings here but there is to be a tournament of airships.

I fancy I can see the men and women, boys and girls, sailing through the air; isn't it a delightful sight?

"Presume not God to scan; the proper study for man is man." "All are but parts of one stupendous whole whose body nature is and God the soul." How much soul have you? The more soul you have the more you can see and feel in the "Ivory City." Good people will see more than bad people.

When you come to see the Fair ride around the grounds on the Intramural Railway, get a picture of the whole, then go through all the big palaces in a systematic way.

Here is one route beginning west of the Grand Court, at the main entrance: Varied Industries building, fourteen acres; cost, \$604,000; Palace of Transportation, covers fifteen acres, cost, \$700,000; Machinery building, covers twelve acres, cost, \$600,000; Electricity building, covers nine acres; cost, \$399,940; Education and Social Economy building, covers nine acres; cost, \$319,399; Mining and Metallurgy building, covers nine acres; cost, \$500,000; Fisheries building; U. S. Government building; covers nearly four acres; cost, \$450,000; Liberal Arts building, covers nine acres; cost, \$460,000; Manufactures building, covers fourteen acres; cost, \$845,000. End of first day.

On the second day visit the foreign government buildings west of Skinker Road, and the Washington University buildings. Don't miss the Olympic games and the airship tournament. Take in our insular possessions' exhibit, then visit the Forestry, Fish and Game building which covers four or five acres. The great Palace of Agriculture, the largest building on the grounds, covers twenty acres; cost \$800,000, will stand on a hill amid a mass of flowers. Immediately south of the Palace of Agriculture you will see one of the prettiest sights on earth, the Horticulture building. It covers seven or eight acres and cost \$200,000. Put in the remainder of the day around the Live Stock Pens, then take a good snooze and be ready for the third day of sight-seeing.

On the third day go to see Japan's pavilions, the Illinois and California State buildings, the Temple of Fraternity, Jerusalem, Festival Hall, and the Cascades, Terrace of States and the magnificent Palace of Fine Arts on the Art Hill. See here in a building that cost more than one million dollars the work of the masters. Next go to see Gen. Grant's cabin, Germany's Castle, Stirling Castle, and Burns' Cottage. Read the "Cotter's Saturday Night" once more. It is the best poem in the English language. Now you may run over the Plateau of States hurriedly, look at the birds in their large cage, then sleep again.

If you wish to see the great shows on the "Pike" you must put in several days there before you go home. You must stay a week, you ought to stay a month, and, if you can afford it, stay six months and make a study of the whole show.

No ten universities on earth can give you the same amount of information in so short a time.

Do you want to study sculpture, painting, machinery, electricity, educational methods, architecture, agriculture, horticulture, languages, mythology, engineering, floriculture, railroading, navigation, manufacturing, stock raising, forestry, pisciculture, anthropology, the different races of men, their religions, governments, manners and customs?

Come to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, May 1st to December 1st, 1904. The greatest event, perhaps, in our nation's history will be most splendidly celebrated. Virginia will reproduce Monticello, the home of Jefferson, and will no doubt keep it filled with Virginia's great men, *dead* and yet *alive*, "C?" Jerusalem will be a reproduction of the city of Jerusalem. England will reproduce the Orangery of Kensington Castle, Queen Anne's flower garden. France will reproduce the Grand Trianon, the French Government building at Versailles. Louisiana will show us the old Cabildo, and Mississippi, the home of Jefferson Davis — Beauvoir. Japan and Germany will reproduce royal castles. And what will Missouri do, you ask? Why, she will "show" the rest of the world what a great empire she is. You will see a streak of Missouri running through the Fair from start to finish.

A good guide will be indispensable to those who have but a few days in which to see the World's Greatest Fair.

RELIGION.

"Way back on the horizon of Celestial history, stands that quaint old philosopher, Confucius; a character revered by four hundred millions of people and honored by every one who knows anything about the venerable saint. Said Confucius: "Do not do anything to another that you do not wish to be done to you."

On the hills of Palestine two thousand years ago, a man teaching his disciples said: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

The tombs of Egypt have given up the gospel of Osiris, the Book of the Dead. Lying in these Egyptian tombs for two thousand five hundred years, is found substantially the same doctrine, taught by the priests of Isis along the banks of the Nile.

In the mountains of India, so far back in history that the mind of man staggers in its contemplation, Gautama, that son of an Indian prince, that father of

a religion which to this day counts its devotees by the millions, preached the same principle of ethics.

And the sacred Veddas, those holy Aryan songs chanted by the ancient peoples who came from Persia to people the then new world of India, before Confucius, before Gautama, before Isis, before Osiris, before Jupiter, before Noah: these people held aloft the same torch, this same doctrine, this same teaching of the Brotherhood of Man.

There is not a religion on the face of the earth that is worthy of respect or consideration which does not recognize and teach the same idea.

Whatever has set man against man, whatever has pushed people into so-called "holy wars," whatever has impelled man to fly at his brother's throat for religion's sake, has not had its birth in the fundamentals, the ethics of any faith; it has had its origin directly in the hair-splitting questions of abstract theology raised by preacher or priest. Where is the man who can say that Jesus would have indorsed the Crusades, taken part in the Inquisition, would have slaughtered the saints of St. Bartholomew, or hung the Quakers of Salem?

For thousands of years, the flames of Hate have been kept alive by the teachers of the faiths founded by merciful, peaceful men. The day, we trust, is at hand when men cease to delegate to preachers a power of attorney to do their thinking. The hour is at hand when the human mind considers for himself these problems of existence, these questions of man's relation to man. So far as questions of the future life are concerned, these matters may well occupy the time of professional preachers of Faith. They know nothing about them, and we don't either.

Most of us are, nominally at least, of the Christian faith. Let us quote the following words from Ecclesiastes, words written by Solomon, who has the reputation of being the wisest man that ever lived: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts: even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the

other; yea, they have all one breath: so that a man have no pre-eminence above a beast, for all is vanity. All go to one place: are all dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth? Wherefore, I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?"

If our Scriptures are inspired these words are as much inspired as any other portion. If Solomon knew what he was talking about, if the wisest man of history, who was inspired to boot, was compelled to declare that he knew nothing of the beyond, how are we to know who are not particularly wise and who are not inspired?

But Solomon knows of a rule of conduct best to follow; that a man should so live as to be able to "rejoice in his own works," the teaching of sages of all the ages.

We now come to the application and its results. Does it not fill the heart of a man with gladness who has been able to snatch a drowning man from the river? There is but one happier man than the rescued one, and that is the rescuer. Only the soldier who has had the opportunity to save the life of a fellow can realize the pleasure to be derived from the deed. Let a man have a chance to save a helpless woman from a drunken bully who is beating her to death, and he will properly brag about it all the rest of his life. The man who saves another from bankruptcy is a cold-blooded wretch if he does not reap a harvest of joy from the deed.

Who has resuscitated a half frozen man and dragged him to a cabin in the mountain to thaw out, but has experienced a season of pride and joy which has lasted him to the end of his life?

In this very thing lies the true philosophy of life. Doing good to one's fellows without hope of remuneration is the highest possible ideal of human conduct. This idea of dealing out beneficent works through hope of heaven or fear of hell, is not attractive to one whose heart throbs with human sympathy. It is a low order of creature who has to be bribed with reward of eternal

life, or threatened with prospect of damnation in order to induce him to be decent.

Let us get back to the ethics of Jesus, of Confucius and every great teacher of the world's history worth listening to, that each of us is responsible for our brother's welfare, that each of us is our brother's keeper; that what does him good does us good, that an injury to one is the concern of all.

In that teaching lies the essence of all systems of ethics ever devised. That teaching is the very summit of human conduct of which the mind of man can conceive. There is no higher plane of life; there is nothing that will bring you greater satisfaction. Follow this idea and you will be saved; saved from the scorn of your own soul. Follow it and every pulsation of your heart will beat its warm approval. No matter to what court you are called after your life is ended, you can challenge an examination of the record. There is no God in the skies who will deal harshly with such a soul."—Editorial in Manila *Freedom*.

Dr. Andrew D. White in his "History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," has shown that, from the Assyrian researches as well as from other sources, it has come to be acknowledged by the most eminent scholars at the leading seats of Christian learning that the accounts of creation with which for nearly two thousand years all scientific discoveries have had to be "reconciled" — the accounts which blocked the way of Copernicus, Galileo, Newton and LaPlace — were simply transcribed or evolved from a mass of myths and legends largely derived by the Hebrews from their ancient relations with Chaldea, rewrought in a monotheistic sense, imperfectly welded together, and then thrown into poetic form in the sacred books which we have inherited. As to creation and evolution, Darwin's theory of natural selection is now adopted by leading universities, and conceded in sermons of high ecclesiastics in England, and in Professor Drummond's Chautauqua lectures in 1893.

"Dr. A. P. Peabody once said that Tyndall's deistical

work, 'The Gospel a Republication of the Law of Nature,' admits in its title the strongest ground — nay, the only ground — on which we can believe or defend Christianity. To suppose it a divine afterthought — a supplementary creation, an excrescence upon nature — is to dishonor it under shelter of a pretended advocacy. Nay, more, it is to impugn the divine immutableness, the integrity of those attributes that underlie all religion. The highest view of Christianity is that which regards it as the religion of nature, as the constitutional law of the spiritual universe, as corresponding to the mathematical laws which are embodied in the material universe, — absolute, necessary, eternal truth, that which always was and ever will be. Revelation did not create it any more than Newton created the law of gravitation, or Kepler the law of planetary motion."

"One's individual religion may be too sacred to be Pharisaically flaunted, yet on the evolutionist's banner may still be inscribed: The Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, the Leadership of Jesus, Salvation by Character, and the Progress of mankind onward and upward." — Benj. F. Burnham.

"The medieval notion that man has mind, and animals only instincts, that every animal has certain inborn instincts, is now exploded. Instincts are only a development of mind by selection and heredity, as Darwin showed. Comparative psychology has proved during the last forty years that animals have minds just as well as men. The difference between the minds of Goethe and Darwin and an Australian or a Patagonian is far greater than that between these savages and the higher species of apes. Behind the greatest minds lies all the long line of evolution out of the perceptions of the simplest cells, and it is especially important to remember that the laws of adaptation to environment and heredity have had all to do with this great evolution.

All sorts of misty ideas prevail on the subject of immortality of the individual soul. Some speak of it as being a sort of ethereal being, some as if it were made of thin matter; some merely hold that in some unknown

way it continues to exist. If the old theory of man having a soul separate and distinct from his body is true, then many animals also have immortal souls.

And then these theorists have trouble in stating exactly where the soul came from; was it in heaven, and when was it put into the child? After a study of all these fantastic theories science is unsatisfied with any, and is forced to state its conclusions. The belief in the immortality of the human soul is a dogma in utter contradiction to the facts which investigation has proven to be true.

The only immortality for man is that of the transmission of his character to later generations through his children, or the influence which he exerts on the world of thought while alive. If, as science proves, mind, soul, consciousness, are only properties of soulplasm, the cell itself, when that cell dies thought must cease, save as it has passed its thought on to others " — Dr. Ernst Haeckel.

After sixteen years of earnest study and travel including a circuit of the globe *via* Japan, Philippine Islands, Australasia, Africa and Europe, my conclusion concerning the Bible is this: It is a big book of tales interwoven with many noble truths.

Jefferson, Randolph and other great Americans believed in one great God. The Indians of America believed in one Great Spirit.

Of all the "Sheeny" games that have been worked on the world the game of religion is the biggest.

Why can't we decide on *one* God and quit wrangling over religious matters forever?

We need no preachers but good *teachers*, such as Plato, Solomon, Bacon, Copernicus, Galileo, Newton and Darwin, are, and will always be, a great necessity.

What if all the money and time that has been wasted on religious matters had been spent in teaching nature's laws to men? We, like the waters of the earth, the leaves of the trees, the flowers of the fields, travel the rounds of natural laws.

There was no heretofore for me, I have no conscious-

ness of a pre-existence, therefore I believe there will be no future existence for me except in material form.

The great Gcd before whom I reverently bow is, I believe, infinite in His character. I am finite. How can the finite fathom the infinite?

If we speculate on the future state of man we ought to do it in a good-natured way, for none of us can speak authoritatively.

Let us be moral and do good works.

Some Hawthorne is needed to take up the Bible and write a Wonder-Book from its tales for the children.

Read "The Cotter's Saturday Night" every Sabbath. It might very well supplant two-thirds of the Bible.

Epitomize and simplify the Bible so that children may understand it when they read it or hear it read. An honest confession on the part of preachers and priests is what the Christian world needs. Why can't honest Jews, honest Catholics, and honest Protestants get together and agree to tell the truth? Let them unfurl the banner of the Great Spirit, of the Great Unknown, all of us can agree on that, and be happy, good, and peaceful.

The frail insects of a moment; "we are such stuff as dreams are made of."

Helen Gould, bless her, how can an ex-soldier turn down her religion? She *lives* it. I hope she will never think that we would, if we could, destroy the good lessons taught by the Babe of Bethlehem.

To me the world is ringing with music and all is tending toward perfection. The animal that picked up a stick or rock and began to use it on other animals has ever been the ruling animal. All other animals are scared of him.

The animal that invents and uses the most ingenious tool — machine gun — whether it be white, yellow, or black, will in the ages to come exterminate or subdue all others. The time will come when there will be but one religion, one language, and one race of men on earth.

Way back, millions of years ago, when the crust of the earth was forming, there was perhaps but one little, unicellular animal, and out of this little animal, through the

long ages, has come a sunburst of life that has assumed many forms, colors and sizes. Insects, birds — the angels of earth — reptiles, mammalia, man included, have come out of this sunburst — this evolution of animal life. "Growth and decay are natural." Life and death are natural.

Plato and other great minds of ancient times had dim notions of evolution, but it was left for Charles Darwin to point out the ways of evolution clearly to men.

Darwin was greater than Moses, and Haeckel is Darwin's Joshua.

A religion more deeply rooted in science and right conduct is the need of the hour. We don't know it all; "there are more things in heaven and earth than we have ever dreamed of," but we do know more than the Jews knew in the olden days. The men who wrote the Bible were inspired in the same sense that Copernicus, Newton and Darwin were inspired. Did Christ ever say: I am the Son of God? No. He was the greatest and best of all Jews, nothing more.

Did the Bible tell us about geology, electricity, circulation of the blood, the law of gravitation, anesthetics, or this goodly land we live upon — America? What did Moses, or Solomon, or Jesus Christ tell us concerning the shape of the earth or the solar system? They simply did not know of these things any more than George Washington knew of telegraphy, phononographs and automobiles.

The Jewish Bible is nothing to me but a bit of history, a mere incident in the development of the human race. English and American historians are more trustworthy than the authors of the Bible.

We can believe in Moses some, in Christ more, in Darwin most, yet I believe that other "inspired" men will come and teach this race of men things that Moses, Christ, and Darwin never dreamed of.

"The wise alone are flexible in mind." Let us be open to receive the nuggets of truth as they come. The truth won't hurt us, though it will knock out some of the false props on which we stand to-day.

What the future will disclose we do not know.

All men should strive to live in harmony with nature's laws and to improve their race mentally, morally and physically. Thus may a heaven be made on earth for our posterity.

The God that I adore is a more majestic potentate than the God of the Jews.

To discard the fabulous in Judaism and accept the truths, laid bare by modern scientists as they dig them out of nature's great book, does not call for a wild revolution and bloodshed.

It simply says, "Ring out the false, ring in the true."

There are many nuggets of wisdom in the Bible, e. g.: —

"Whoso loveth understanding loveth his own soul."
 "Honor thy father and thy mother." "Blessed are the pure in heart."
 "After a proud and boasting spirit comes a fall." "It is more blessed to give than to receive."
 "Be thoughtful." "Be good to the poor, the widow and the orphan."

One of the truest things in the Bible reads: "We are of the earth and we are earthy."

There is no such thing as a spirit or ghost, else my good mother would come and tell her boy something of the beyond.

Why can't all Christians unite? There should be unity in church work, if for no other reason for the sake of economy. No Catholics, no Protestants. All one. There is oneness in the whole of God's creation. Why are laborers uniting? Why are capitalists uniting?

Is it not more important that the followers of Christ unite?

I would not destroy the good that is in our religion (I say our religion because I am nominally a Christian), but I would supplant the myths with facts, the Garden of Eden story with the cosmic lessons of the earth. I would extend the taproot of our religion, whether we be Jew or Gentile, Moslem or Christian, downward and upward to truths. The good that Jesus, who *was called* the Son of God, showed by example, should be kept by

all of us. We, too, are the sons of God, every one of us. When Judaism fell short Christianity came as an appendix.

Another appendix is needed; Darwin has supplied it.

Moses is a dim star twinkling in the distance; Darwin is a luminous sun shining all about us.

Moses scratched on the surface; Darwin dug into the earth's mysteries and brought to our sight the true origin of man.

"Every mark on man shows unmistakable signs of his lowly origin."

Did man ever utter a nobler sentiment than Thomas Paine when he said: —

"The world is my country, to do good is my religion?" Jefferson was called, "Infidel" and elected President. Could an infidel be elected President at this time?

Is it possible that, at the age of one hundred and twenty-seven years, this Republic has less of religious freedom than it had when it was twenty-one years old?

It is true, I fear. And yet I remember that this Republic was founded by lovers of religious freedom, and made a refuge for those who were oppressed by religious tyranny in Europe.

I am weary of religious wranglings. I'll join the invisible church, and serve my maker to the best of my ability by serving my fellow-creatures.

I would be a Ben Abou, and love my fellow-man.

We will all grow in knowledge, and especially in knowledge of religions, as the years roll by. "*Servus Servorum Sum.*" Light is welcomed into my windows.

THE RACE PROBLEM.

LINCOLN AND THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

By IDA M. TARBELL,

Author of "The Early Life of Lincoln."

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Story of the Progress of the Idea of Emancipation
in Lincoln's Mind, Told in Hitherto Unpub-
lished Reminiscences by Charles Sumner,
Carl Schurz, and other Close
Friends of Lincoln.

“ The first year of Abraham Lincoln's Presidential career closed on March 4, 1862. Practically all of this period he had spent in an effort to crush insurrection in the Southern States. There were many people who felt that he was farther now from this end than he had ever been before, and he himself realized that he had undertaken a task so gigantic that with the one weapon he had employed so far, the army, he could finish it only after years of struggle.

Mr. Lincoln had another weapon against the South,—the emancipation of the slaves. He did not want to use it. Throughout his political life he had disclaimed any desire to meddle with slavery in the States where the Constitution recognized it. He had undertaken the war not to free men, but to preserve the Union. For many months, however, he had been coming to the conclusion that he must do something with his weapon, and he had been examining it much as a man in a desperate situation might a dagger which he did not want to unsheath, but feared he might be forced to. He was seeking a way to use it, if the time came when he must, that would accomplish all the ends he had in view and still would not drive the border States from the Union. The plan upon which he finally settled was a simple just, and impractical one—he would ask Congress to set aside money gradually to buy and free the negroes in those States that could be persuaded to give up the institution of slavery. Having freed the slaves, he proposed that *Congress should colonize them in territory bought for the purpose.*

According to Charles Sumner, Mr. Lincoln had this plan of compensated emancipation well developed by December 1, 1861. The Senator reached Washington on that day, and went in the evening to call on the President. Together they talked over the annual message, which was to be sent to Congress on the 3d. Mr. Sumner was disappointed that it said nothing about emancipation.

He had been speaking in Massachusetts on "Emancipation as our Best Weapon," and he ardently desired that the President use the weapon. The President explained the plan he had developed, and Mr. Sumner urged that it be presented at once. Mr. Lincoln declined to agree to this, but as he rose to say good-bye to his visitor, he remarked: "Well, Mr. Sumner, the only difference between you and me on the subject is a difference of a month or six weeks in time."

"Mr. President," said Mr. Sumner, "if that is the only difference between us, I will not say another word to you about it till the long set time you name has passed by."

"Nor should I have done so," continues Sumner in telling the story, "but about a fortnight after, when I was with him, he introduced the subject himself, asked my opinion on some details of his plan, and told me where it labored his mind. At that time he had the hope that some of the border States, Delaware, perhaps, if nothing better could be got, might be brought to make a proposition which could be made use of as the initiation to hitch the whole thing to."

Sumner could not keep still after this about the plan. Almost every time he saw Lincoln he put in a word. Thus, when the "Trent" affair was up, he took occasion to read the President a little lecture. "Now, Mr. President," he said: "if you had done your duty earlier in the slavery matter, you would not have this trouble on you. Now you have no friends, or the country has none, because it has no policy on slavery. The country has no friends in Europe, excepting isolated persons. England is not a friend, France is not. But if you had commenced your policy about slavery, this thing could and would

have come and gone and would have given you no anxiety.

“ Every time I saw him I spoke to him about it, and I saw him every two or three days. At one time I thought he would send in the message on New Year’s day; and I said something about what a glorious day it would be.

“ But he stopped me in a moment. ‘Don’t say a word about that,’ he said; ‘I know very well that the name which is connected with this act will never be forgotten.’ Well, there was one delay and another, but I always spoke to him, till one day in January he said sadly that he had been up all night with his sick child. I was very much touched, and I resolved that I would say nothing to the President about this or any other business if I could help it till that child was well or dead. And I did not. * * * I had never said a word to him again about it — one morning here before I had breakfast, before I was up, indeed, both his secretaries came over to say that he wanted to see me as soon as I could see him. I dressed at once and went over. ‘I want to read you my message,’ he said: ‘I want to know how you like it. I am going to send it in to-day.’ ”

It was on the morning of March 6, 1862, that Mr. Lincoln sent for Mr. Sumner to read his message. A few hours later, when the Senator reached the Capitol, he went to the Senate desk to see if the President had carried out his intention. Yes, the document was there.

As Mr. Sumner’s history of the message given to Dr. Hale shows, Mr. Lincoln had been quietly preparing the way for his plan. One of his most adroit preparatory maneuvers, and one of which Mr. Sumner evidently knew nothing, was performed in New York City, through the Hon. Carl Schurz, who at that time was the American minister to Spain.

Mr. Schurz, who had gone to Madrid in 1861, had not been long there before he concluded that there would be great danger of the Southern Confederacy being recognized by France and England unless the aspect of the situation was speedily changed, either by a decisive

military success, or by some evidence on the part of the Administration that the war was to end in the destruction of slavery. If the conflict were put on this high moral plane, Mr. Schurz believed the sympathy of the people in Europe would be so strong with the North that interference in favor of the South would be impossible. All of this he wrote to Mr. Seward in September of 1861, but he received no reply to his letter other than a formal acknowledgment.

After a little time, Mr. Schurz wrote to Mr. Lincoln saying that he wanted to come to Washington and personally represent to the Administration what he conceived to be the true nature of public opinion in Europe. Mr. Lincoln wrote to him to come, and he arrived in Washington in the last week of January, 1862. He went at once to the White House, where he was received by the President, who listened attentively to his arguments, the same he had made by letter to Mr. Seward. When he had finished his presentation of the case, Mr. Lincoln said that he was inclined to accept that view, but that he was not sure that the public sentiment of the country was ripe for such a policy. It had to be educated up to it. Would not Mr. Schurz go to New York and talk the matter over with their friends, some of whom Mr. Lincoln named?

Mr. Schurz assented, and a few days afterwards reported to Mr. Lincoln that the organization of an "Emancipation Society," for the purpose of agitating the idea, had been started in New York, and that a public meeting would be held at the Cooper Union, on March 6th.

"That's it; that is the very thing," Mr. Lincoln replied. "You must make a speech at this meeting. Go home and prepare it. When you have got it outlined bring it to me, and I will see what you are going to say."

Mr. Schurz did so, and in a few days submitted to Mr. Lincoln the skeleton of his argument on "Emancipation as a Peace Measure."

"That is the right thing to say," the President declared

after reading it, "and, remember, you may hear from me on the same day."

On March 6th the speech was delivered, as had been arranged, before an audience which packed Cooper Union. No more logical and eloquent appeal for emancipation was made in all the period. The audience received it with repeated cheers, and when Mr. Schurz sat down "the applause shook the hall," if we may believe the reporter of the New York "Tribune." Just as the meeting was adjourning, Mr. Schurz did hear from Mr. Lincoln, a copy of the message given that afternoon to Congress being placed in his hands. He at once read it to the audience, which, already thoroughly aroused, now broke out again in a "tremendous burst of applause."

The first effect of the message was to unite the radical supporters of Mr. Lincoln with the more moderate. "We are all brought by the common-sense message," said "Harper's Weekly," "upon the same platform. The cannon shot against Fort Sumter effaced three-fourths of our political lines; the President's message has wiped out the remaining fourth." But to Mr. Lincoln's keen disappointment, the border State representatives in Congress let the proposition pass in silence. Although the message failed to arouse the border States, it did stimulate the anti-slavery party in Congress to complete several practical measures. Acts of Congress were rapidly approved forbidding the army and navy to aid in the return of fugitive slaves, recognizing the independence of Liberia and Haiti, and completing a treaty with Great Britain to suppress slave trading. One of the most interesting of the acts which followed close on the message of March 6th emancipated *immediately* all the slaves in the District of Columbia. One million dollars was appropriated by Congress to pay loyal slaveholders of the District for their loss, and \$100,000 was set aside to pay the expenses of such negroes as desired to emigrate to Haiti or Liberia.

The Administration was now committed to *compensated emancipation*; but there were *many radicals* who grew

restive at the slow working of the measure. They began again to call for a more *trenchant* use of the *weapon* in Lincoln's hand. The commander of the Department of the South, Gen. David Hunter, in his zeal, even issued an order declaring: 'Slavery and martial law in a free country, are altogether incompatible; the persons in * * * Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina heretofore held as slaves, are, therefore, declared forever free.'

Mr. Lincoln's first knowledge of this proclamation came to him through the newspapers. He at once pronounced it void. At the same time he made a declaration at which a man less courageous, one less confident in his own policy, would have hesitated — a declaration of his intention that no one but himself should decide how the weapon in his hand should be used.

'I further make known that, whether it be competent for me, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, to declare the slaves of any State or States free, and whether, at any time, in any case, it shall have become a necessity indispensable to the maintenance of the government to exercise such supposed power, are questions which, under my responsibility, I reserve to myself, and which I cannot feel justified in leaving to the decision of commanders in the field.'

It was a public display of a trait of Mr. Lincoln of which the country had already several examples. He made his own decisions, trusted his own judgment as a final authority.

In revoking Hunter's order, Mr. Lincoln again appealed to the border States to accept his plan of buying and freeing their slaves, and as if to warn them that the unauthorized step which Hunter had dared to take might yet be forced upon the Administration, he said: "I do not argue. I beseech you to make arguments for yourselves. You cannot, if you would, be blind to the signs of the times. I beg of you a calm and enlarged consideration of them, ranging, if it may be, far above personal and partisan politics. This proposal makes common cause for a common object, casting no reproaches upon any."

It acts not the Pharisee. The change it contemplates

would come gently as the dews of heaven, not rending or wrecking anything. Will you not embrace it? So much good has not been done, by one effort, in all past time, as in the providence of God it is now your high privilege to do. May the vast future not have to lament that you have neglected it.'

The President's treatment of Hunter's order dissatisfied many who had been temporarily quieted by the message of March 6th. They were made still more critical by the slow advancement of McClellan and his army toward Richmond. Again they besought the President to emancipate and *arm* the slaves. The authority and magnitude of the demand became such that Mr. Lincoln fairly staggered under it. Still he would not yield.

He could not give up yet his hope of a more *peaceful* and *just* system of emancipation. But while he could not do what was asked of him, he seems to have felt that it was possible that he was wrong, and that another man in his place would be able to see the way. In a remarkable interview held early in the summer with several Republican senators, among whom was the Hon. James Harlan, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, the President actually offered to resign and let Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President, initiate the policy.

The senators went to Mr. Lincoln to urge upon him the paramount importance of mustering slaves into the Union army. They argued that as the war was really to *free the negro*, it was only fair that he should take his part in working out his own salvation. Mr. Lincoln listened thoughtfully to every argument and then replied. —

'Gentlemen, I have put two hundred thousand muskets into the hands of loyal citizens of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Western North Carolina. They have said they could defend themselves if they had the guns. I have given them the guns. Now, *these men* do not believe in *mustering in the negro*. If I do it, these two hundred thousand muskets will be turned against us. We should lose more than we should gain.'

The gentlemen urged other considerations, among

them that it was not improbable that Europe, which was anti-slavery in sentiment, but yet sympathized with the notion of a Southern Confederacy, preferring two nations to one in this country, would be persuading the South to free her slaves in consideration of recognition. After they had exhausted every argument, Mr. Lincoln answered them: —

“Gentlemen,” he said, “I can’t do it. I can’t see it as you do. You may be right and I may be wrong; but I’ll tell you what I *can* do; I can resign in favor of Mr. Hamlin. Perhaps Mr. Hamlin could do it.”

The senators, amazed at this proposition, “which,” says Senator Harlan, “was made with the greatest seriousness, and of which not one of us doubted the sincerity,” hastened to assure the President that they could not consider such a step on his part; that he stood where he could see all around the horizon; that he must do what he thought right; that, in any event, he must not resign.

As the spring passed into summer the military situation in Virginia grew more and more serious. Finally McClellan, after spending April and May in working his way up the Peninsula from Fort Monroe to within a few miles of Richmond, and spending June in heavy and disastrous fighting, fell back to Harrison’s Landing, on the James River.

“When the Peninsula campaign terminated suddenly at Harrison’s Landing,” Mr. Lincoln said once to a friend who asked him if he had ever despaired of his country, “I was as nearly inconsolable as I could be and live.” McClellan’s telegrams from Harrison’s Landing were so discouraging that the President finally, early in July, visited the army there, to satisfy himself of the condition of things. He came away convinced that he was not going to have any military encouragement very soon to offer to his supporters. But he must show them some fruits of their efforts, some sign that the men and money that they had poured into “McClellan’s trap,” as it was beginning to be called, were not lost; that the new call for 300,000 men just made was not to be in

vain. There was nothing to do but to use emancipation in some way as a weapon, and he summoned the representatives of the border States to the White House on July 12th, and made an earnest, almost passionate, appeal to them to consider his proposition of March 6th.

It is doubtful if Mr. Lincoln in all his political career ever had a measure more at heart than his scheme for *compensated emancipation*. Isaac Arnold, who knew him well, says that rarely, if ever, was he known to manifest such solicitude as over this measure.

“Oh, how I wish the border States would accept my proposition,” he said to Arnold and Owen Lovejoy one day; “then you, Lovejoy, and you, Arnold, and all of us would not have lived in vain. The labor of your life, Lovejoy, would be crowned with success. You would live to see the end of slavery.”

“Could you have seen the President,” wrote Sumner once to a friend, “as it was my privilege often — while he was considering the great questions on which he has already acted — the invitation to emancipation in the States, emancipation in the District of Columbia, and the acknowledgment of the independence of Haiti and Liberia, even your zeal would have been satisfied.”

“His whole soul was occupied, especially by the first proposition, which was peculiarly his own.”

In familiar intercourse with him, I remember nothing more touching than the earnestness and completeness with which he embraced this idea. To his mind it was just and beneficent, while it promised the sure end of slavery.”

His address to the border State representatives on July 12th is full of this conviction, but the majority of the representatives rejected the President’s appeal. (Fools they were, big fools.)

Mr. Lincoln never came to a point in his public career where he did not have a card in reserve, and he never lacked the courage to play it, if he was forced to do it. “I must save this government if possible,” he said, now that his best efforts for compensated emancipation were vain. “What I cannot do, of course I will not do; but

it may as well be understood, once for all, that I shall not surrender this game, leaving any available card unplayed." Just what his "available card" was, he hinted to Secretary Seward and Secretary Welles the very day after his interview with the border State representatives. He had about come to the conclusion, he said, that he *must* free the slaves by proclamation or be himself subdued.

It was probably very shortly after this that a curious interview took place between Mr. Lincoln and his old and intimate friend, Leonard Swett, which shows admirably the struggle in the President's mind. The story of this interview Mr. Swett used to tell often to his friends, and it is through the courtesy of one of them, the Hon. Peter Stenger Grosscup, U. S. Circuit Judge for the Seventh Judicial Circuit, that it is given here: —

One day, during the course of the war, when Mr. Swett was at his home in Bloomington, Illinois, he received a telegram asking him to come immediately to the President. The second morning afterwards found him in Washington. Thinking that something unusual was at hand, he went to the White House upon arrival, and before eating his breakfast. Mr. Lincoln asked him immediately into the cabinet room, and after making a few inquiries about mutual friends in Illinois, pulled up his chair to a little cabinet of drawers. Swett, of course, awaited in silence the developments.

Opening a drawer, Lincoln took out a manuscript which he said was a letter from William Lloyd Garrison, and which he proceeded to read. It proved to be an eloquent and passionate appeal for the immediate emancipation of the slaves. It recalled the devotion and loyalty of the North, but pointed out, with something like peremptoriness, that unless some step was taken to cut out by the roots the institution of slavery, the expectations of the North would be disappointed, and its ardor correspondingly cooled. It went into the moral wrong that lay at the bottom of the war, and insisted that the war could not, in the nature of things, be ended until the wrong was at an end.

The letter throughout was entirely characteristic of Garrison.

Laying it back without comment, Mr. Lincoln took out another which proved to be a letter from Garrett Davis, of Kentucky. It, too, treated of emancipation; but from the border State point of view. It carefully balanced the martial and moral forces of the North and South, and pointed out that if the border States, now divided almost equally between the belligerents, were thrown unitedly to the South, a conclusion of the war favorable to the North would be next to impossible. It then proceeded to recall that slavery was an institution of these border States with which their people had grown familiar and upon which much of their prosperity was founded. Emancipation, especially emancipation without compensation, would, in that quarter of the country, be looked upon as a stab at prosperity and a departure from the original Union purposes of the war. It begged Mr. Lincoln to be led by the Northern abolition sentiment into no such irretrievable mistake.

Laying this back, Mr. Lincoln took out another, which turned out to be from a then prominent Swiss statesman, a sympathizer with the Northern cause, but whose name I cannot recall. It breathed all through an ardent wish that the North should succeed. The writer's purpose was to call attention to the foreign situation and the importance of preventing foreign intervention. This he summed up as follows: The governing classes in England and Napoleon in France were favorable to the success of the Confederacy. They were looking for a pretext upon which to base some sort of intervention. Anything that, in international law, would justify intervention would be quickly utilized.

A situation justifying such a pretext must be avoided. The writer then pointed out that from the earliest times any interference with the enemy's slaves had been regarded as a *cruel* and *improper* expedient; that emancipation would be represented to Europe as an equivalent of inciting slave insurrection, and would be seized upon, the writer feared, as a pretext upon which forcibly to inter-

vene. The letter went over the whole foreign situation, bringing out clearly this phase of the consequences of emancipation.

Laying this letter back, the President turned to Mr. Swett, and without a word of inquiry, took up himself the subject of emancipation, not only in the phases pointed out by the letters just read, but every possible phase and consequence under which it could be considered. For more than an hour he debated the situation, first the one side and then the other of every question arising. His manner did not indicate that he wished to impress his views *upon* his hearer, but rather to weigh and examine them for his own enlightenment *in the presence* of his hearer.

It was an instance of stating conclusions aloud, not that they might convince another, or be combated by him, but that the speaker might see for himself how they looked when taken out of the region of mere reflection and embodied in words.

The President's deliverance was so judicial, and so free from the quality of debate, or appearance of a wish to convince, that Mr. Swett felt himself to be, not so much a hearer of Lincoln's views, as a witness of the President's mental operations. The President was simply framing his thought in words, under the eye of his friend, that he might clear up his own mind.

When the President concluded, he asked for no comment and made no inquiry, but, rising, expressed his hope that Mr. Swett would get home safely, and intrusted to him some messages to their mutual friends. The audience thus ended.'

Mr. Lincoln had, no doubt, determined at this time on the Emancipation Proclamation, perhaps had in his drawer with the letters he read to Mr. Swett, the original draft which, as he afterwards told Mr. F. B. Carpenter, he prepared "without consultation with, or the knowledge of the cabinet." It was on July 22d that, "after much anxious thought," he called a cabinet meeting to consider the subject.

"I said to the cabinet," the President told Mr. Car-

penter, "that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which would be in order, after they had heard it read."

The gist of the proclamation which Mr. Lincoln read to the cabinet was that, on the first day of January, 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State or States wherein the constitutional authority of the United States should not then be practically recognized, should "then, thenceforward and forever be free." He called his proclamation "a fit and necessary military measure," and prefaced it by declaring that, upon the next meeting of Congress, he intended to recommend a practical plan for giving pecuniary aid to any State which by that time had adopted "gradual abolishment of slavery." The cabinet seems to have been bewildered by the sweeping proposition of the President. Nicolay and Hay quote a memorandum of the meeting made by Secretary Stanton, in which he says: "The measure goes beyond anything I have recommended." Mr. Lincoln, in his account of the meeting given to Mr. Carpenter, says: —

"Various suggestions were offered. * * * Nothing, however, was offered that I had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke.

He said in substance: "Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reverses, is so great that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia, instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hands to the government." His idea was that it would be considered our last *shriek* on the retreat. "Now," continued Mr. Seward, "While I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country, supported by military

success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!" The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that, in all my thoughts upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked.

The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory.

From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously waiting the progress of events.

The victory Mr. Lincoln waited for was long in coming. Each new delay or failure only intensified the radical anti-slavery sentiment, and made the demand for emancipation more emphatic and threatening. The culmination of this dissatisfaction was an editorial signed by Horace Greeley and printed in the New York "Tribune" of August 20th, entitled "The Prayer of 20,000,000" — two columns of bitter and unjust accusations and complaints addressed to Mr. Lincoln, charging him with "ignoring, disregarding and defying" the laws already enacted against slavery.

Mr. Lincoln answered it in a letter published in the "National Intelligencer" of Washington, August 23d.

The document challenges comparison with the State papers of all times and all countries for its lucidity and its courage.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if

I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views.

The "Greeley faction" as it was called, not only pursued Mr. Lincoln through the press and pulpit and platform; an unending procession of radical committees and delegations waited upon him. Although he was at that time, by his own statement, adding or changing a line of the proclamation, "touching it up here and there," he seems almost invariably to have argued against emancipation with those who came to plead for it. There is every indication indeed that an incessant struggle against violent emancipation went on in his mind through the whole period. He regarded it as the act of a dictator. He feared it might be fruitless. He dreaded the injury it would do the loyal people of the South. He said once to a friend, that he had prayed to the Almighty to save him from the necessity of it, adopting the very language of Christ: "If it be possible let this cup pass from me."

In this awful summer of 1862, beset by enemies in front and rear, with failure after failure crashing upon him, still sore from his great personal bereavement of the spring before, the President displayed sometimes a sarcasm and irritability quite unlike the almost superhuman patience which was characteristic of him. Many committees which went to him with advice and warning were answered with bitterness; sometimes, they claimed, with sneers. The futility of their talk was no doubt unendurable to the overworked, despairing man. So far as documentary proof of Lincoln's irritability at this period exists, it is evident that it was aroused only by useless demands and delays. In a quantity of unpub-

lished telegrams which have been collected recently by the War Department, there are a number which show this; as, for illustration, the two following: —

Washington, D. C., August 12, 1862.

GOVERNOR ANDREWS:

Boston, Massachusetts.

Your dispatch saying "I can't get those regiments off because I can't get quick work out of the United States disbursing office and the paymaster" is received. Please say to these gentlemen that if they do not work quickly I will make quick work with them. In the name of all that is reasonable, how long does it take to pay a couple of regiments? We were never more in need of the arrival of regiments than now, even to-day.

A. LINCOLN.

Washington, D. C., August 23, 1862, 8 p. m.

HON. R. YATES,

Springfield, Illinois.

I am pained to hear that you reject the services of an officer we sent to assist in organizing and getting off troops. Pennsylvania and Indiana accepted such officers kindly, and they now have more than twice as many new troops in the field as all the other States together. If Illinois had got forward as many troops as Indiana, Cumberland Gap would soon be relieved from its present perils. Please do not ruin us on punctilio.

A. LINCOLN.

The victory for which the President waited came on September 17th. McClellan had followed Lee into Maryland, and defeated him. The President was at his summer house at the Soldiers' Home when the news of Antietam reached him. He at once finished the second draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, and called the cabinet together on Monday, September 22d. Secretary Chase recorded in his diary, that day, how, after reading his

colleagues a chapter from Artemus Ward, the President "took a graver tone." The words he spoke, as recorded by Mr. Chase, are a remarkable revelation of the man's feeling at the moment.

I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery; and you all remember that, several weeks ago, I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought all along that the time for acting upon it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick, I determined as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to any one, but I made the promise to myself [hesitating a little], to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfill that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say without intending anything but respect for any one of you. But I already know the views of each on this question. They have been heretofore expressed, and I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use, or in any minor matter, which any of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter, as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be

put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and, however this may be, there is no way in which I can have another man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take.

The proclamation appeared in the newspapers of the following morning. There was no exultation in the President's mind; indeed there was almost a groan in the words which, the night after he had given it out, he addressed to a party of serenaders: "I can only trust in God that I have made no mistake." The events of the fall brought him little encouragement. Indeed, the promise of emancipation seemed to effect nothing but discontent and uneasiness; stocks went down, troops fell off. In five great States — Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York — the elections went against him. Little but menaces came from Europe. Many said that the President would not dare, in the face of the unrest of the country, fulfill his promise, and issue the proclamation. But when Congress opened on December 1st, he did submit the proclamation, together with the plan of *compensated emancipation* which he had worked out. Over one-half of the message, in fact, was given to this plan.

Mr. Lincoln pleaded with Congress for his measure as he had never pleaded before. He argued that it would "*end the struggle and save the Union forever*," that it would "cost no blood at all," that Congress could do it if they would unite with the executive, that the "good people" would respond and support it if appealed to.

"It is not," he said, "'Can any of us imagine better?' but, 'Can we all do better?' Object whatsoever is possible, still the question occurs, 'Can we do better?' The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so

we must think anew and act anew. We must disenthrall ourselves, and then we shall save our country.

"Fellow-citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this Administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union.

"The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we do know how to save it. We — even we here — hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free — honorable alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just — a way which, if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."

Nothing ever came of it, for before any of the border States had become willing to accept the measure, that necessity which Lincoln foresaw from the first had forced complete emancipation without compensation.

As the first of January drew near, many friends of the proclamation doubted that Mr. Lincoln would keep his promise. Among these was the Rev. Byron Sunderland, of Washington, at that time chaplain of the Senate and one of the most aggressively loyal ministers in the city. Dr. Sunderland feared that there was truth in the rumor that the President would withdraw, not issue, the proclamation on the 1st of January, and on the Sunday before the new year he preached a sermon on the subject. Mr. Z. S. Robbins, of Washington, a friend of Mr. Lincoln, asked Dr. Sunderland to go with him to the President and urge him to keep his promise.

"We were ushered into the cabinet room," says Dr. Sunderland, "It was very dim, but one gas-jet burning. As we entered, Mr. Lincoln was standing at the farther end of the long table which filled the middle of the room.

As I stood by the door, I am so very short, that I was obliged to look up to see the President. Mr. Robbins introduced me, and I began at once by saying: 'I have come, Mr. President, to anticipate the New Year with my respects, and, if I may, to say to you a word about the serious condition of this country?'

" 'Go ahead, Doctor,' replied the President; 'every little helps,' but I was too much in earnest to laugh at his sally at my smallness. 'Mr. President,' I continued, 'they say that you are not going to keep your promise to give us the Emancipation Proclamation; that it is your intention to withdraw it.'

" 'Well, Doctor,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'You know Peter was going to do it, but when the time came he didn't.'

" 'Mr. President,' I continued, 'I have been studying Peter. He did not deny his Master until after his Master rebuked him in the presence of his enemy. You have a master, too, Mr. Lincoln, the American people. Don't deny your master until he has rebuked you before all the world.'

" My earnestness seemed to interest the President, and his whole tone changed immediately. 'Sit down, Doctor Sunderland,' he said; 'let us talk.'

" We seated ourselves in the room, and for a moment the President was silent, his elbow resting on the table, his big, gnarled hands closed over his forehead. Then looking up gravely at me, he began to speak: —

" 'Doctor, if it had been left to you and me, there would have been no war. If it had been left to you and me there would have been no cause for this war; but it was not left to us. God has allowed men to make slaves of their fellows. He permits this war. He has before Him a strange spectacle. We, on our side, are praying Him to give us victory, because we believe we are right; but those on the other side pray Him, too, for victory, believing they are right. What must He think of us? And what is coming from the struggle? What will be the effect of it all on the whites and on the negroes?' And then suddenly a ripple of amusement broke the solemn tone of his voice, 'As for the negroes, Doctor,

and what is going to become of them: I told Ben Wade the other day, that it made me think of a story I read in one of my first books, "Æsop's Fables." It was an old edition, and had curious rough wood-cuts, one of which showed four white men scrubbing a negro in a potash kettle filled with cold water. The text explained that the men thought that by scrubbing the negro they might make him white. Just about the time they thought they were succeeding, he took cold and died. Now, I am afraid that by the time we get through with this war the negro will catch cold and die.'

"The laugh had hardly died away before he resumed his grave tone, and for half an hour he discussed the question of emancipation. He stated it in every light, putting his points so clearly that each statement was an argument. He showed the fullest appreciation of every side. It was like a talk of one of the old prophets. And though he did not tell me at the end whether the proclamation would be issued or not, I went home comforted and uplifted, and I believed in Abraham Lincoln from that day."

Mr. Lincoln had no idea of withdrawing the proclamation. On December 30th, he read the document to his cabinet and asked the members to take copies home and give him their criticisms.

The next day at cabinet meeting these criticisms and suggestions were presented by the different members. Mr. Lincoln took them all to his office, where, during that afternoon, and the morning of January 1st, 1863, he rewrote the document. He was called from it at eleven o'clock to go to the East Room and begin the customary New Year's hand-shaking. It was the middle of the afternoon before he was free and back in the executive chamber, where the Emancipation Proclamation, which in the interval had been duly engrossed at the State Department and brought to the White House by Secretary Seward and his son, was waiting his signature.

"They found the President alone," writes Frederick Seward, "in his room. The broad sheet was spread

out before him on the cabinet table. Mr. Lincoln dipped his pen in the ink, and then, holding it a moment above the paper, seemed to hesitate. Looking around, he said: "I never, in my life, felt more certain that I was doing right than I do in signing this paper. But I have been receiving calls and shaking hands since nine [eleven?] o'clock this morning, till my arm is stiff and numb. Now, this signature is one that will be closely examined, and if they find my hand trembled, they will say 'he had some compunctions.' But, any way, it is going to be done."

"So saying, he slowly and carefully wrote his name at the bottom of the proclamation."

At last the Emancipation Proclamation was a fact. But there was little rejoicing in the heart of the man who had framed and given it to the world. In issuing it, all he had dared hope was that in the long run it would give greater gain than loss. He was not confident that this would be so, but he was willing to risk it. "Hope and fear and doubt contended over the new policy in uncertain conflict," he said months later. As he had foreseen, dark days followed. There were mutinies in the army; there was ridicule; there was a long interval of waiting for results. Nothing but the greatest care in enforcing the proclamation could make it a greater good than evil, and Mr. Lincoln now turned all his energies to this new task.

"We are like whalers," he said one day, "who have been long on a chase, we have at last got the harpoon into the monster, but we must now look how we steer, or with one flop of his tail he will send us all into eternity."

When Jefferson wrote the Ordinances governing the Northwest Territory he prohibited slavery therein forever. He never added a single slave to the stock he inherited. He said that slavery could not always exist in the United States, and that, when the negroes were free, the whites and negroes could not live together in peace for any considerable length of time.

If the people had called for it Jefferson would have solved the negro question for us a hundred years ago.

Forty years ago that old "bunch of ugliness and honesty." —Abe Lincoln — had the question solved, as Ida M. Tarbell shows in "Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation." But the people and the Congress were either too narrow-minded or too mean to accept "Old Honest Abe's" scheme for compensated emancipation and colonization.

I wonder if the people of this country are ready now to take up the negro problem and solve it in a sensible way.

All the women of America with whom I have talked, and four-fifths of the men are anxious to have the negroes colonized.

I will now ask my reader to go back and read "Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation" once more carefully, then read the following excerpts from speeches made not long since by John Temple Graves of Georgia: —

"The mob knows its business and the mob does its work. And the mob to-day is the sternest, the strongest, and the most effective restraint that the age holds for the control of the monstrous crime which it avenges. The lyncher does not exterminate the rapist, but holds him mightily in check. It is folly to protest against this truth. Without the mob there would be a hundred assaults where there is one. Without the mob the South to-day would not be a place to live in.

"Thousands of vicious negroes halt in terror before the blazing anger and the fiery vengeance of the mob.

"Criminal? Yes. Lawless? Yes. Ought to be abolished? If possible, yes. But as a sheer, cold, patent fact, the mob stands to-day as the highest, strongest and most potent bulwark between the women of the South and such a carnival of crime as would infuriate the world and precipitate the annihilation of the negro race.

"It is not a pleasant thing to say. It is not a popular thing to say. But it is the only true thing to say.

"It is necessary to speak plainly now. The mob has

broken the barriers of section and lynching is at last a national crime. The spirit of lawlessness is clearly an evil of the times. The touch of the mob has made the Republic kin. For every Newman there is a Washington; For Palmetto in Georgia, Kansas has its Leavenworth; Sam Hose is matched by Alex. White; the Evansville riots surpass the riots in Cairo.

“The mob that shoots in Mississippi is answered by the mob that slays in Danville, Ill.

“Akron, O., storms a negro’s refuge in jail almost within sight of Canton, where sleeps the martyr President — the best beloved man who has occupied the White House since the Father of his Country. Pana and Carterville thrust their murderous Winchesters into the black faces of the workmen who come to delve in the mines of Illinois.

“A mob in Chicago, ready with a rope, chases a negro through the streets. New York, the metropolis and cosmopolis of our world, has its central section from Thirtieth street to Thirty-first torn by a race riot as fierce and as relentless as New Orleans.

“And even in Springfield, Mass., right in New England’s noble heart, the police battalions battled half the night to rescue from the lynchers a bibulous citizen who, with a swipe of a broken beer glass, had nipped from its place another New England gentleman’s obtrusive nose. The question has come home to the country at last.”

“I put in evidence here the fact that the Southern people have held women in peculiar and almost romantic esteem. I am free by the record to assert that no people in history have ever compassed with greater tenderness and with more reverential chivalry the females of their race.”

“The crime which begot lynching was a crime against Southern womanhood — a crime blacker than arson and deadlier than assassination — a crime beside which murder is a misdemeanor and death a holiday — a crime that killed thrice and each death without a resurrection — a crime that blasted memory while it murdered

reputation — a crime unspeakable and unthinkable this side of hell."

"There is no real remedy but one" — *separation*.

"This, my countrymen, is a case of surgery — surgery heroic, but beneficent — the knife that severs the limb, but saves the life. For no statute will permanently solve this problem. No anodyne of law, no counter-irritant of legislation will quiet it longer than the hour of application.

"The evil is in the blood of races; the disease is in the bones and marrow and the skin of antagonistic peoples." — From "The Mob Spirit of the South."

"The prejudices of race is a pointing of providence, and the antagonism of peoples is: The fixed policy by which God peoples the different portions of the universe and establishes the individuality of the nations.

The act that brought these peoples together on this continent was a sin of the fathers, a sin of greed, an iniquity of trade, and the sorrow and suffering of the present is for the sin of the past — a sin against nature and a sin against God.

The curse can be lifted only when nature is vindicated and God is obeyed. The problem will be solved only when the negro is restored to the "bounds of his habitation." It is neither impossible nor impracticable. The elements are willing, and the way is in reach. This is not a day of impossibilities. The hand of the Almighty is steadily opening the way.

It may be that the islands of the sea were placed by providence in our keeping to furnish an answer to the problem of the time.

The negro is an accident — an unwilling, a blameless, but an unwholesome, unwelcome, helpless, unassimilable element in our civilization. He is not made for our times. He is not framed to share in the duty and the destiny which he perplexes and beclouds.

Let us put him kindly and humanely out of the way. Let us give him a better chance than he has ever had in history, and let us have done with him. Let us solve his problem, frankly, fearlessly, nobly and speedily. Let us

put it behind us. Let us purify our politics of the perplexity. Let us liberate the South to vote and to think like freemen upon the mighty issues of the times. * * *

We have been ready in the South for years to divide on party lines. We do not dare to do it. With the white race divided, the negro is held up once more to the ballot box and becomes the balance of power in the policies of the time.

We have our separate and divergent convictions on economic issues. We crush these under the iron heel of necessity. We have our varying interests that would naturally be expressed in opposing politics. We sacrifice these material issues to the greater stake. And the great people of the South, dominated and solidified by the fear of this unwholesome balance, are whipped, protesting, into line behind expediency, and forced to compulsory union in a single party. The education of the hustings, the friction of ideas, the vigilant watchfulness of jealous partisanship, and the political liberty of the thinker and of the voter are all lost in the shadow of the somber apprehension.

In a land of light and liberty, in an age of enlightenment and law, the women of the South are prisoners to danger and to fear. While your women may walk from suburb to suburb, and from township to township, without escort and without alarm, there is not a woman in the South — wife or daughter — who would be permitted or who would dare to walk at twilight unguarded through the residence streets of a populous town, or to ride the outside highways at midday. The terror of the twilight deepens with the darkness, and in the rural regions every farmer leaves his home with apprehension in the morning and thanks God when he comes from the fields at evening to find all well with the women of his home.

For behind the prejudice of race stalks the fiend of lust, and behind the rapist thunders the mob, engine of vengeance, monstrous, lawless, deplorable, but under the uncured defects of the law, the fiery terror of the criminal, and the chief defense of woman.

This is also a problem of justice. Fair as our designs and equitable as our verdicts, as tested by the highest courts, the prejudice of race inevitably poisons law and tempts justice, from the jury's box to the judge's bench.

It is a problem of religious unity — separating brethren and dividing usefulness. For more than one great religious body in this country, cherishing a common creed, believing in one Lord, one faith, one baptism, are sundered and set in separate and sectional camps by the clash of convictions here.

It is a problem of numbers. Four million slaves were freed. There are nine million negroes now. The problem grows in difficulty with marvelously increasing numbers and is magnified in vitality by delay. If antagonisms now so fundamental are not softened, if prejudices now so serious are not healed, then the future darkens and we will enter with swollen numbers upon a period of strife and wrangle in whose perils our present troubles will not be remembered. Optimism is easy. Optimism is popular. But the logic of conditions is ominous with warning and it is braver to be honest, and wiser to be prepared.

Here, then, the issues — Unity of the Republic, material development, purity of politics, political independence, respect for the ballot, reverence for the Constitution, the safety of our homes, the sanctity of our women, the supremacy of law, the sacredness of justice, the integrity of race, and the unity of the church. There is not a phase of our civilization, there is not a principle of our race, there is not a fundamental of society, that is not wrapped in the hopeless tangle which this problem weaves.

These are difficulties which compass the white man of the South. Heaven knows they are serious enough.

But what of the negro? It would be cruel and unkind to cast up the balances of this great account without considering him. I speak the representative sentiment of the South when I say that we would not come to the considerations of this tremendous issue without a high

and humane consideration for the negro. How does the problem come to him, and what does the future hold?

Will the white man permit the negro to have an equal part in the industrial, political, social and civil advantages of the United States? This, as I understand it, is the question which involves his life and destiny.'

These words come from a negro — the wisest, the most thoughtful and the most eloquent negro of his time, as discreet as Washington, a deeper thinker and much more eloquent man. But for one hour of the Atlanta Exposition, Council of Huntsville might stand to-day where Washington of Tuskegee stands — as the recognized leader of his race.

This question asked by Council, as the deliberate representative of his people, is the core of the negro problem. The answer to it is in every white man's heart, even if it does not lie openly on every white man's lips.

It may be expressed in diplomacy; it may be veiled in indiscretion; it may be softened in philanthropy; it may be guarded in politic utterance, and oftenest of all it is restrained by ultra conservatism and personal timidity.

But whenever the answer to this vital question comes, stripped of verbiage and indirection, it rings like a martial bugle in the single syllable — "No."

This may not be right, but it is honest. It may not be just, but it is evident. It may not be politic, but it is a great, glaring, indisputable, indestructible fact. North and South, the answer, wherever it is honest, is the same. I agree with Albion Tourgee that there are not ten thousand men in the Republic who can answer that question in the affirmative. Council knows the answer and states it with the courage of a man. Bishop Turner knows it.

Bishop Holsey knows it; Bryden and Bruce and Taylor knew it; the Chicago papers knew it; I think that Booker Washington knows it sadly in his heart, and I believe that every thoughtful gentleman who strips theory from the bare form of fact knows it here and everywhere.

This is from first to last a race problem. It is an issue

of race and not of politics. It is a thing of skin and type, and not of section or condition. It is a part of the universal problem. The history of man has been written in race antagonism and in race separation. The Hebrew and Egyptian, the Jew and the Gentile, the Turk and the Christian, Magyar and Hungarian, Venetian and Moor, Mexican and Texan, Negro and Chinaman, White Man and Indian — the repulsion is the same.

Under this prejudice the negro can never, North or South, be received in equal social and personal relations with the families of the white race and can never, therefore, be a social equal with the white man. Under this prejudice he can never, North or South, be permitted to govern in any State or country, even where he has a majority, and he can never, therefore, be a political equal. If he can have, then, neither social nor political equality — and every fact and all theory and all instinct and every unbroken precedent declare that he cannot — then he can never under these conditions reach the full development of a citizen or the full stature of a man. If he remains in this country he must remain as an inferior, and his suffrage becomes a mockery and his liberty a farce. There is not a line of light, of promise, of equality, for him in any field. This is the core of my contention — the basis of my argument. All our splendid platitudes are wrecked on this stern fact. All our brave philanthropies beat out their beautiful lives on this inexorable truth: The negro fronts a hopeless and unequal competition.

There he stands — that helpless and unfortunate inferior. For his sake the one difference has widened between the sections of our common country. Over his black body we have shed rivers of blood and treasure to emphasize our separate convictions of his destiny. And yet, as the crimson tide rolls away into the years we realize that all this blood and treasure and travail was spent in vain, and that the negro, whom a million Americans died to free, is in present bond and future promise still a slave, whipped by circumstance, trodden under foot by iron and ineradicable prejudice; shut out

forever from the opportunities which are the heritage of liberty.

Shall the great Northern section of our country always turn its hand against the great Southern section of our country? Shall the young American of the North steel his heart against the young American of the South over an alien's cause? Shall the children of one blood and of common glorious heritage divide in bitterness over a stranger in our midst? Shall the memories of Eutaw and Yorktown be obliterated in the recollections of Wilmington and Newman? Shall the peace and harmony of this great Republic be forever imperiled for the sake of the negro, whose faults and whose weakness so wonderfully outweigh his virtues and his gratitude? Shall the black man from Africa hinder and delay the work and the destiny of our imperial race?

Great God, the idea is monstrous and unthinkable! The South is neither cruel nor unpatriotic, and the North knows it. The North is neither immovable nor vindictive, and the South knows it. If either of us is mistaken, and if both of us is misunderstood, we are yet one people, and we must meet upon the plane of our brotherhood and our destiny.

Men and women of the university, I appeal to you who make the future, I appeal for Caucasian unity. I appeal for the imperial destiny of our mighty race. This is our country. We made it. We molded it. We control it, and we always will. We have done great things. We have mighty things yet to do. In the name of God and of our mission, I appeal to this great, conquering Caucasian race to lock arms and go forward, and onward and upward to its essential work." — From "The Problem of the Races."

"There is one solution, and but one. Cold and cruel as it may seem, the negro must go. If not voluntarily, then by force. His presence here is a perpetual menace. It keeps out immigration and capital. It engenders bad blood between North and South. It keeps alive bitter memories. An unnamed fear fills every Southern heart and unnamed dread darkens every Southern home. Go

he must. Better for black man, better for white man. We who have girl babies will rest more easily in our graves hereafter, if we die in the proud consciousness that this problem has not been left by cowardly policy to posterity.

But the negro is a property holder; so was the Indian. Civilization is above constitutions, it makes and unmakes them at will. The government is amply able to deport or colonize them, and all it needs is a sense of the serious need for it. That sense is being deepened day by day. If the money squandered in the Quixotic war with Spain, in the unholy and inhuman butchery of Filipinos, in gorging the greed of legislative leeches, had been devoted to this paramount issue, it would have been settled. Lift this incubus from the South, and she will become the garden of the world." — Wm. Ellis Abernethy, of the Morganton, N. C., *Herald*.

"I doubt whether civilization was ever confronted by a graver problem." — Dr. J. L. M. Curry, Director of the Peabody and Slater Funds.

"If you deport the negroes who will do the dirty work?" "There must be a ground chunk," says an ex-carpet-bag rule man.

I answer: Let every man in this Republic do his own dirty work or pay good wages to the man who does it for him.

That is a low, mean order of philanthropy that would keep the negro here as a "ground chunk" — a worker in dirt.

Another man says: "Certain industries in our country will perish if you take the negroes away." No, they will only be crippled temporarily. White men can produce cotton and sugar — work in the Southern States — better than the negroes. Make the South a white man's country and the South will prosper as no other country in all the world has prospered. Northern men and women will then go South to live.

'There is one outstanding objection to your plan of deportation and colonization;' 'the negro doesn't want it,' says a friend. I answer, it is time for us to begin to

teach the negro that he does want it, and wants it badly. Why deceive him longer?

I wouldn't degrade a good herd of stock by mixing them with an inferior herd. Good farmers "breed up" their flocks and herds. Are we not to consider the proud race to which we belong in the matter of "breeding up" or shall we become a lot of mangy mongrels?

Queen Victoria said in her Jubilee address: "Before the onward march of the English people the negro must go." England *teaches* equality of races but "*actions speak louder than words.*" I took a Portuguese negro from St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, with me to a hotel in London to see if they practiced what they preach. The negro was promptly turned away.

England has no race question at 'ome, and, if she persists in her policy of equal rights to all races in Australia and South Africa, my word for it, she will lose those colonies. Australia has raised the cry: "Australia for the white man," and, I have no doubt, she will make it the white man's country.

I have notified my friends in Sydney, Australia, to be ready to admit me to citizenship as soon as they make their country the white man's country.

There ought to be a black man's country, and the black man ought to be proud of his country when he gets it.

"The negro is the only man that is ashamed of his race," says my friend, Judge Campbell of West Virginia. This is true. Let a negro have a little blood of the white man in his veins and he apologizes for the negro blood. He says, "My grandfather was a white man."

A mulatto woman in Columbia, Mo., said, "I'd rather my daughter would marry the meanest white boy on earth than to marry the best negro."

While we must deport and colonize all who have negro blood in their veins we may very properly buy enough territory in Mexico or South America for such of those mulattoes, quadroons, and octaroons as may not care to go with the "jet blacks" to Africa. The white men of this country who are responsible for the existence of the mixed breed will no doubt lend a hand to help their own

blood. I say white *men* because the white women — be it said to their honor and glory — are not responsible for any considerable portion of the mixed breed.

Yes, sir'ee; give the "coons" a flag and help them to take on race pride, and if there be any more of those Abolitionists (the biggest set of donkeys that ever afflicted any country) in this country of ours, I say make them go with the negroes to their new home and make them stay there forever and a day.

They, the Abolitionists, fixed up a dose of "race equality" for the Southern whites but the Southern whites have persistently refused to take it and now they very generously and kindly offer the same dose to the remnant of the Abolitionists and their descendants.

With a *few rare exceptions* it seems that the descendants of Abolitionists refuse to take the medicine.

We of the South most heartily sympathize with the young people of the North. They are not held accountable for the sins of the fathers, and we say to them, come, help us to deport and colonize the negroes and we will swap sisters and brothers with you, and we will soon be in truth one people. We are ready to give our sisters to the young white men of the North whenever they can win them honorably, but, by the gods, we never will give them up to the negroes! Better let lynchings continue. Every drop of the white man's blood in the South must be shed before we turn our women over to the negroes or even submit to equality of races.

In case the government of this country attempts to force us to equality we will fight, and there will be no surrender at Appomattox. Any government that would attempt to enforce such a policy does not deserve to live a single day.

"I see that one enthusiastic Southern gentleman has renewed the proposition that we shall send ten million negroes out of the country. This is totally impracticable. Let us not delude ourselves. We have got this question to meet squarely at home. The negro will stay. The European and Asiatic will come. You cannot turn them

out and you cannot keep them out." — Sen. Hoar of Massachusetts.

I wonder what the venerable Senator means when he says, "We have got this question to meet squarely at home." Does he mean to sit down and do nothing? We have heard enough talking. Something must be done. Talk is easy!

If the European and Asiatic can't be kept out of this country, then we will have some of the d—n fighting in this country that the world has ever seen, and that before long. Think of it! This year, 1903, we get one million immigrants from Europe and Asia. And, strange to say, native born Americans put many of these foreigners in as foremen and bosses to lord it over Americans. Let a laboring man from this country go to Europe and see if he gets to be a boss. He will be devilish lucky if he gets anything to do. But this is a digression, I'll go back to the negro.

As Moses led the Israelites *out of* Egypt so let some Moses of the negro race lead his people *out to* Egypt.

There is no better country in the world than Egypt and Central Africa in which the United States and Great Britain might, working together, colonize all their negroes. Australia and South Africa, also the southern part of South America, ought to be made the white man's countries.

All Europe and the whole of North America should be kept by white men.

Only a short while ago I saw where some organization had allotted certain space to different nations, lastly came negroes and women. Shall we couple the name women, when it refers to our white women, with negroes? Shame on the white men of this country.

Women are better morally than men (if there are 30,000 prostitute women in St. Louis, there are 90,000 prostitute men), and long before the negroes of our country were permitted to vote the white women should have been enfranchised.

The white woman of wealth, intelligence, culture, must

sit at home while her ignorant black coachman goes to vote.

In the name of God, what sort of men were they that conferred the right to vote on negroes!

Can the negro be transported? Yes. *Five hundred* ships, carrying *one thousand* each will carry them away in *twenty* trips. Time required, from five to twenty years. Cost: Millions, but a d—nsight cheaper than another civil war, or even the continuance of lawlessness.

Where and how get the money and ships? In London, I read in "Tid Bits" that the British empire alone has of all sorts 35,000 ships. We can build, buy and charter all the ships needed. Let the government turn the Filipinos loose and direct the millions that are being wasted over there toward this just and necessary work. Use the millions that we are about to appropriate for a Panama canal. Let the canal go temporarily. Give such men as Leigh Hunt encouragement. Let all the big bugs and bugesses have a chance at it. It will beat building public libraries. Let every laboring *white* man like me have a chance to contribute, and see the millions we'll roll up. Poor as I am, I'll give fifty dollars any day. The general government and individuals can buy out all the negroes and give them full value for their lands and property. There are *ten* men in New York City who can buy out all the negroes and have money to spare.

The Southern whites have the grit to kill and burn negroes. Have they the grit to take this bull by the horns and give him a tussle? Are the wealthy people of the South ready to clean up their own dirt or to pay white men white men's wages to do it?

We must depend largely upon the Northern people to solve this question — the Northern people who labor for a living.

There are still a lot of Yankee slave-drivers and they care not what the color of their slaves may be, black, red, white, yellow or brown. From these Lagrees we must expect antagonism in the solution of this great question.

Grover Cleveland, whom I admire above all other

statesmen of recent years, thinks that education will solve the question. So it will. When a sufficient number of the negroes come to see through education the true status of the negrorace in this country, they will not be satisfied with anything short of colonization. That "education" may be brought about inside of the next twenty years. With Roosevelt in the White House things are beginning to boil.

With due respect to Prof. Bocker T. Washington, his scheme of education and industrial equality can *never* solve the race problem. Industrial equality means eventually social and political equality. No such thing can come about. The whites must stay above negroes or go below them.

I went to Cooper Union to hear Dr. Grossman, a Jew. He said: "I never thought quite so much of our President as when I heard that he dared to break bread with a negro." "I rather like the character of a Washington whether his name be George or Booker." What rank hypocrisy! The Jews refuse to mix with good white Gentiles; do you expect them to mix with negroes?

The negroes must fight for their freedom. No man or race of men ever got freedom except through either mental or physical battles.

Eight hundred thousand Moors, men and women, the aged and the infant, left the land of their birth, their fertile fields, and their homes built by their own hands. A job ten times as big may be accomplished in these days. "In the bright lexicon of youth there should be no such word as unattainable." Ours is a youthful nation.

When the Spanish historian—Las Casas—in order to ameliorate the lot of the West Indians suggested the use of negroes for the harder labor in the mines of the New World, he inaugurated the cruel slave-trade without benefitting the Indians.

Thus began African slavery in America.

Socialism may come about when we get rid of alien races, when we become as one in religion, thought, and action. An attempt to engraft socialism on the present heterogeneous stock of the United States will cause all

sorts of disorder and fighting. You can't mix water and oil, nor can you mix in the pot of social equality the present population of these United States, for socialism in its true sense means the brotherhood of man.

We must first improve the race by proper breeding, by culture, then talk about socialism.

Did Nature want the negro to be white? No. Nor does she want a hybrid. Look at South America. There you see a hybrid race and continual disorder.

I believe in one great God, one great white race, one great purpose — the preservation of the best plant, the best animal, the best race of men.

What industries would perish if the negroes are deported?

Lynching bees, those social crimes that wreck homes and fill the land with horror, — the Cain crop generally, I hope.

White men *can* and *will* do any and all the work that the negroes are now doing in the South. To be sure, they will want better wages. Why shouldn't they? Has a laboring man no right to aspire to something better? Shouldn't he educate his children? Shouldn't he have sweet music in his home? Who wants the white man to live like a Chinaman? Nobody but a few blood-sucking leeches.

Booker Washington thinks that in all things pertaining to business and national welfare we can be as the hand; in things social the negro, he says, can be as the finger. Not much. That black finger of ours has blood-poison in it. It must be amputated or the whole arm, the white race, may become diseased. No fungus growths are necessary to the development of the white race.

Booker has some very good ideas as to what education should be. He got them from Gen. Armstrong of Hampton Institute. He complains that, when his Tuskegee school fits a man to do a "common thing in an uncommon way," and sends him out to find a job, the labor unions refuse to give him a chance. White men go on a strike if an employer puts a negro on. Well, the

negroes are slow indeed if they don't soon begin to see their true condition.

"Where there is a great prejudice there is a great underlying principle." What is it? I answer, the culture of ages refuses to mix with coarse vulgarity. We want more of the *man* and less of the beast. More of the God-like. Regeneration, purification, and elevation of our race is the need of the hour. When alien races have been freed and set aside, the down-trodden amongst us must be lifted up. Some amongst us must work more; others must work less. Children must have pure air, pure food, pure literature and plenty of room.

The idea given out by Ella Wheeler Wilcox that the black girl is at the mercy of white men is erroneous. I can only laugh at the idea of white men having to use force on black women. White men usually have solicitations.

Most people have heard of the "young man's first accomplishment" in the South.

I wonder how long the white women are going to submit to the cheat that is being played upon them.

If I were a white woman I would no more live with a man who had business with black women than I, being a man, would live with a white woman who has business with a black man. "What is fair for the gander ought to be fair for the goose." The man or the woman who has lost purity in any degree has to that extent lost power to return the innocent look of the child, has lost ability to teach purity of life. Washington's strength of character, I doubt not, was here. With all the brothel houses of our cities, and all the thousands of negro wenches running at large to tempt, to beg a chance to teach the boys of our country "the first accomplishment," how many pure men have we in the country to-day?

I admire Joseph W. Folk, "the apostle of civic righteousness" in St. Louis. I believe he is a chaste man, and chastity is the backbone of civilization. Without it we'll go to the dogs — to the devil.

If I could line up and command in one battle array

every blessed man and woman in this country, my first command would be. About face! And the second: Forward, march, toward better living! Continue the march forever and earth will become a heaven!

Our boys will mix with negroes, Filipinos and Chinos till they lose all self-respect.

God Almighty, the degradation of the thing! Deliver us! Give us back our good taste, our high ideals.

There is a powder magazine in the South and a little spark will touch it off.

If ever the government of the United States attempts to force the whites of the South to accept the negro as their equal I predict that there will be more men killed in a week than can be buried in a month. Besides, the government will be handicapped. The boys in the army won't kill whites for negroes, and the laboring people of the North won't do it.

A few rich men and corporations may hire men to fight for negroes ostensibly but in reality for themselves. These insolent rich men can't see that they are digging a pit for their posterity.

The proudest day this Republic has ever seen will be the day on which it decides to colonize the negroes.

Here is a remedy for the prevention of rapes and lynching bees: Castrate every man, black or white, who rapes or attempts to rape a child or a woman. Let every State enact such a law, and I dare say this penalty will be feared more than the rope or fire.

My object in collecting information on the negro question or rather the race problem is to make and keep the white race purer, to breed up, and to do, as I see it, the right thing for the negro. Another object is to keep peace between the North and the South.

I was born astride the line between Rebels and Yankees, and the United States *are all* my country. I helped to win the Philippines for this country, and if I can succeed in giving those islands back to the Filipinos, I'll be lucky. We often win things that we don't want. Why not give them back?

If I am wrong on the race problem, my whole life is wrong. My conception of the universe and the God that dominates all things is wrong.

I never felt surer that I was right when I voted against free silver and for Wm. McKinley than I do now, and on the stand I have taken on the race problem I will stake my life. I challenge any man to show me a fairer or more lasting solution for the question — unless we kill off all alien races.

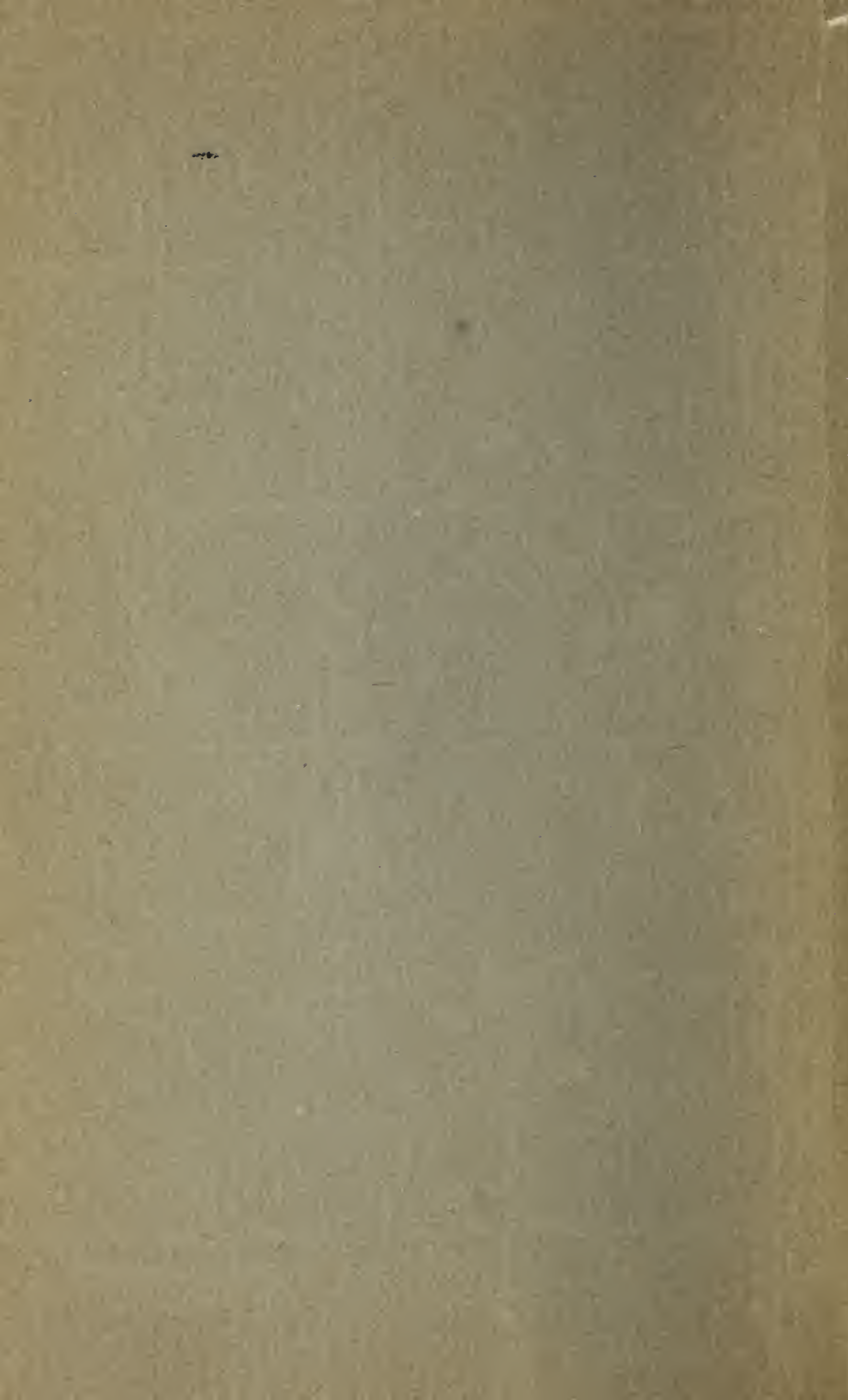
APPENDIX.

“ The religion of the Twentieth Century will be characterized by a sense of the real presence of the living God. That this is true is seen in the prominence of the study of natural science in our schools increasing in the past fifty years.

“ The wonders of God as seen in nature stand revealed to our children. The religion that acknowledges the real presence of God sees him in his handiwork, in the wind that cools and refreshes, in the breakfast of the morning that gives strength to do the day's work.

“ If we would preserve this Republic and foster its influence as a nation we must cling to the ideals of our fathers, because they were the eternal principles of the personal God. Man is a gregarious animal. He cannot live alone and cherish an ideal. He must have companionship with his fellows. Robinson Crusoe is impossible as a fact. A man who lived so long alone would become a beast. The American people must be ‘each for all and all for each,’ and the great God over all.

“ So far as we do not want our children to know whence comes our wealth, so far are we drifting toward the twilight, and after that cometh the night.” — Dr. Edward Everett Hale.



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